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T H E
PLAYS AND POEMS

O F
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

CORRECTED FROM THE LATEST AND BEST
LONDON EDITIONS, WITH NOTES, BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A G L O S S A R Y

AND THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EMBELLISHED WITH A STRIKING LIKENESS FROM THE
COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

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Sons of Dr. Bowditch,
Sept. 21, 1856

ROMEO AND JULIET.

VOL. VIII.

B

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Escalus, Prince of Verona.

Paris, Kinsman to the Prince.

Montague, } Heads of two Houses at variance with
Capulet, } each other.

Romeo, Son to Montague.

Mercutio, } Friends of Romeo.
Benvolio, }

Tybalt, Kinsman to Capulet.

An old Man, his Cousin.

Friar Lawrence, a Franciscan.

Friar John, of the same order.

Balthasar, Servant to Romeo.

Sampson, } Servants to Capulet.
Gregory, }

Abram, Servant to Montague.

Three Musicians.

Peter.

Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.

Nurse to Juliet.

Chorus,—Boy, Page to Paris, an officer, an Apothecary.

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The *Scene*, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the play, at Verona.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sam. GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Greg. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shews thee a weak flave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us
their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in fense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.—Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say,---ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Stay,---better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.---Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens, with Clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them
down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter old Capulet, in his gown; and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this?--Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!--Why call you for a
sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!--old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,--Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,--
Will they not hear?--what ho! you men, you beasts,--
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,--
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.---
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens,
Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old;
Can, red with peace, to part your cankered hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, Capulet, &c.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?---
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!---saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where---underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from the city's side---
So early walking did I see your son:
'Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,---
'That most are busied when they are most alone,---
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,---
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:

Black and portentous must his humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,

Is to himself—I will not say, how true——

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from founding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the same.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay, me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them
short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
 O any thing, of nothing first created!
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoak, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
 'This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression—
 Grievings of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown,
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoak rais'd with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, 'a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears:
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan, why, no;
 But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—
 O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's fair I
 love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bid the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What does her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Street. Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But, now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth treading stars, that make dark heaven light
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?
It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his
pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent
to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and
can never find what names the writing person hath
here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning.
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is?
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read!

[He reads the list.]

“Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
“County Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The
“lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his
“lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;
“Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; My
“fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and
“his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.”
A fair assembly; Whither should they come;

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the
house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of
wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with untainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die.—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve years
old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter: Nurse, give leave a while,
We must talk in secret ---Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,---
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,---God rest all Christian souls!---
Were of an age,---Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well,
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd---I never shall forget it,---
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:---
Nay, I do bear a brain:---but, as I said,
When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years.

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband---God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man;---took up the child;

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

'Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;

'Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said---'Ay:'

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it; 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he:

And pretty fool, it stinted, and said---'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chuse but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say---'Ay:'

And yet I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump, as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?
'Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
'Wilt thou not, Jule?' it flinted, and said---'Ay.'

Jul. And flint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his
grace!

'Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of---Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from my teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now;---younger
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide :
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Street. Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoken for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing-shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore enpearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love?
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing; it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
Give me a case to put my visage in; [*Putting on a mask.*]
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me; let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep; while they do dream things true

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agat stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-maker.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ries straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And cakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.

This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

— *A Hall in Capulet's House.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one, or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou lov'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grind-stone, and Nell—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.——

Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [Exeunt.

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

I Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen.---Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, fit, nay, fit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, fir;

His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, fir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, fight!
 For I n'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:---
 Fetch me my rapier, boy: --What, dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
 you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,
 Here in my house, do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
 I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd;
 What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall:---Go to;---
 Am I the master here, or you? go to.
 You'll not endure him!---God shall mend my soul---
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
 You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man?

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy:---Is't so, indeed?
 'This trick may chance to scathe you;---I know what

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time——
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princex; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[To Juliet,

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrim's hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay so I fear ; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so ? Why, then I thank you all ;

I thank you, honest gentlemen ; good night :—

More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late ;

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come, hither nurse : What is yon gentleman ?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door ?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not
dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name :—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon :—

Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir ;

That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breath such vows as lovers use to swear ;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where :

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[Exit Chorus.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter Romeo alone.

Rom **C**AN I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre
out.

[Exit.]

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 'Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;
 That were some spight: my invocation
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,
 To be consoled with the humourous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark,
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
 Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
 'This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Capulet's Garden. Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!---

[*Juliet appears above at a window,*
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.---
 It is my lady: O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.---

I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heavens
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return,
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 'The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As day-light doth a lamp: her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo!
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel!

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear faint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me; and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogu'd, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
'Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heardest, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
E'er one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.
 I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night ! I am afraid,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
 indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay.
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Within : Madam.*

I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee,—[*Within : Madam*] By and by I
 come :—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night ! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
 Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books ;
 But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Re-enter Juliet again, above.

Jul. Hift ! Romeo, hift !—O, for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again !
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow.
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Monastery. Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels;
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometimes by action dignify'd.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
 And, where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign;
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up rouz'd by some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right——
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Actm. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy Saint Francis! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
'To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Street. Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!
stabbed with a white wench's black eye, shot through
the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart
cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt shaft; And is he a
man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,
he is the courageous captain of compliments: he fights
as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and pro-
portion; he rests his minim, one, two, and the third
in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a

duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman of the very first house; of the first and second cause:—Ah, the immortal pas-sado ! the punto reverso ! the hay !——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting, fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accents !——*By— a very good blade !——a very tall man !——a very good whore !——*Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion mongers, these Pardon-nez-moy's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's* !

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour* ! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single sol'd jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now thou art sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse, and Peter.

Mer. A fail, a fail, a fail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. *Peter!*

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you; but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hours ere it be spent.——

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, lady, lady, lady.
[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery ?

Rom. A Gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks ; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his skains-mates : And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure ?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you : I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!--Pray you, sir, a word : and, as I told you, my young lady bade me enquire you out ; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself : but first let me tell ye, if you should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, ———

Nurse. Good heart ! and i' faith, I will tell her as much : Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon ;

And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir ; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, fir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abby wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven blefs thee!—Hark you, fir.

Rom. What say'st thou my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, fir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—
Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—
there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard; but she good soul, had as lieve
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her
sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the proper man;
but I'll warrant you when I say so, she looks as pale
as any clout in the vassal world. Doth not rosemary
and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name, R is for
the dog. No; I know it begins with some other
letter: and she hath the prettiest sentiments of it, of
you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear
it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Capulet's Garden. Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the
nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me:
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead:
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. *[Exit Peter.]*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st
 thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
 If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, give me leave awhile?—
 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,
 speak.

Nurse. What haste? can you not stay awhile?
 Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
 breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
 The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
 Let me be satisfied; Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
 know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;

though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this I did know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' the other side,—O, my back, my back!—Beshrew your heart, for sending me about, To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well: Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and I warrant a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?

*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother!*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aching bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence' cell, There stays a husband to make you a wife: Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by which your love Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark: I am the drudge, and toil in your delight; But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune?—honest nurse, farewell,
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

*Friar Lawrence's Cell.**Enter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.*

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight ;
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph, die ; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume : The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady :—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work ;
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Mercutio, Ben-volio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!*
and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on
the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy ? and as soon mov'd to be moody,
and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou !
why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair
more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no
other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes ; what
eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ?
Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat ;
and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg,
for quarreling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for
coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog
that hath slain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall
out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before.

Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.---
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,---

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower: Your worship, in that sense, may call him---man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this---Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:---Villain, I am none;

Therefore farewell ; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,---which name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la floccata carries it away.---

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher
by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears
ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, fir, your passado. [They fight.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;
Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage ;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets :—hold, Tybalt ;—good Mercutio.
[Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt ;—

A plague o' both the houses !---I am sped :---
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ! marry, 'tis
enough.---

Where is my page ?---go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as
a church door ; but 'tis enough ; 'twill serve : ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.
I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.---A plague

o' both your houses ! What ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic !— Why, the devil, came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses ! They have made worm's meat of me : I have it, and soundly too : —Your houses !

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman :— O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel,

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead ; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend ; This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain ! Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !— Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company ; Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
 Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death,
 If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay? *[Exit Romeo.]*

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
 Tybalt that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
 I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O, noble prince, I can discover all
 The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
 There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
 That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's
 child!—

O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
 Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true
 For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
 O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did
 slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
 Your high displeasure: all this—utter'd
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd—
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
 Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
 tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain:
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life:
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
 friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last:
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner

As Phæton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
 That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainleſs maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; 'till ſtrange love grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
 Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new ſnow on a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo: and when he ſhall die,
 Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
 And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
 That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
 And pay no worſhip to the garniſh ſun.—
 O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
 But not poſſeſs'd it; and, though I am ſold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
 As is the night before ſome feſtival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
 But Romeo's name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news? What haſt thou there? the cords,
 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me! what news? why doſt thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!——

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain say—*I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark?—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood:—I fownded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?—

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Then dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banish'd.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravering lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
 A damned faint, an honourable villain!—
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
 cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband;
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband;
 All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me; I would forget it fain;
 But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd;
 That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,——
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe found.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall
 be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords:—Poor ropes you are beguil'd
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed:
 And death, not Romeo, take my maiden-head!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you;—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
 And I'll to him; he is hid at Lawrence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E III.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
 man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Fat her, what news? what is the prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such foul company :

I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then banishment,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is banished,

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me?—banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they when that wise men have no
eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thy-
self. [Knock within.]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [Knock.]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there? Ro-
meo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up:

[Knock.]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come. [Knock.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made-
drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!—

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an—O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet! how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have slain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curst hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man !
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !
Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself ?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once ; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man :
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence,
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
There art thou happy ; Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there too art thou happy :
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
But, like a mis'hav'd and a fullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her ;

But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I should have staid here all the night,
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:—
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night!—and here stands all
 your state,—

Either be gone, before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
 Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you, that chances here:
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late; farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter:
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo :
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love ;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft ! What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord !

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too
soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend or, two :—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone :—o' Thursday be it
then :—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day,—
Farewell, my lord,—Light to my chamber, ho !
'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by : Good night. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo, and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Ful. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat,
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Ful. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
'This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Ful. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Ful. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll de-
scend.

[*Romeo descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? Love ! lord ! ah, husband !
friend ?

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :
O ! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not ; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul ;
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? be fickle, fortune ;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within*] Ho, daughter ! are you up.

Jul. Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?
Is she not down so late, or up so early ?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Ever more weeping for your cousin's death ?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?
An' if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live ;
Therefore have done : some grief shews much of love ;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:
'Would, none but I might 'venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more, I'll send to one in Mantua—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,

That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:

And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, 'till I behold him---dead—

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:---

Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet.---O, how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,---and cannot come to him,---

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt,

Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,

Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo,
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris :—These are news indeed ?

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;
But for the sun-set of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?
Evermore showering ? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood : the winds, thy sighs ;
Who,---raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.---How now, wife ?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks :

I would, the fool were married to her grave !

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How ! will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ?
Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have : but thankful, that you have :

Proud can I never be of what I hate ;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now! chop logic?--What is this?

Proud---and, I thank you---and, I thank you not---
And yet not proud---Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie! fie! what, are you mad?

Ful. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,---get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.---Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God hath sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her!--
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—' I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—
 ' I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;'—
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near ; lay hand to heart, advise :
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief ?
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word ;
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God !——O nurse !—how shall this be prevented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself !—
 What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
 Some comfort nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
 Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
 'That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.

Oh! he's a lovely gentleman!
 Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first; or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
 Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvelous much.
 Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence's cell,
 To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
 Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
 So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
 If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris.

Fri. **O**N Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so,
 And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore little have I talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday
next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;

For it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—

My lord, we must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you :
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit Paris.*]

Ful. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so;
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief :
It strains me past the compass of my wits :
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Ful. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this;
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die;
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it :
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Ful. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then ; go home ; be merry, give consent
To marry Paris ; Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off :
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death :
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
Then, (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come ; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if
they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick
his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his
fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Lawrence?

Nurse. Ay forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry
look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go. I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church
to-morrow. [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone:
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt Capulet, and Lady Capulet.]

S C E N E III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night?
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady, and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows, when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone—
Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?
Shall I of force be married to the count ?—
No, no ;---this shall forbid it :---lie thou there.---

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd
Because he married me before to Romeo ?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man :
I will not entertain so bad a thought.——
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I awake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,——
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
 Alack, alack! is it not like that I,
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
 Environed with all these hideous fears?
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

S C E N E IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
 The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
 Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
 All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
 time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now fellow,
 What's there?

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier logs! Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.*

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day; The county will be here with musick straight,

[Music wi. bin.

For so he said he would. I hear him near:— Nurse!—Wife!—What, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up; I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie make haste, Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already: Make haste, I say! *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistrefs!—what, mistrefs!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her:—

Why, lamb!—why lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!— Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your penny-worths now; Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, The county Paris hath set up his rest, That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me, (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her: Madam! madam! madam! Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?

What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O, lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she lies
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe, O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this;
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!--
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives marry'd long;
But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;

Our wedding chear, to a sad burial feast ;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—
 And go, sir Paris ;——every one prepare
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :
 The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

Mus. 'Faith we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease ;*

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

Mus. Why *heart's ease* ?

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays —
My heart is full of woe : O, play me some merry dump,
 to comfort me.

Mus. Not a dump we ; 'tis no time to play now,

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money, on my faith ; but the gleeck :
 I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving creature's dagger
 on your pate. I will carry no crotchets : I'll *re* you
 I'll *fa* you ; Do you note me ?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us ; you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and *ut* ut
 your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit ; I will dry-
 beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dag-
 ger. — Answer me like men :

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind opprefs,
Then music, with her filver found,
Why filver found? why music with her filver found?
What fay you, Simon Catling?*

1 Mus. Marry, fir, becaufe filver hath a sweet found.

Pet. Pretty! What fay you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 Mus. I fay—*filver found*, becaufe muficians found for filver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What fay you, James Soundpoft?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to fay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will fay for you. It is—*music with her filver found*, becaufe fuch fellows as you have no gold for founding:—

Then music with her filver found,

With speedy help doth lend redrefs. [*Exit, finging.*]

1 Mus. What a peftilent knave is this fame?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ftay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

A Street. Enter Romeo.

Rom. IF I may trust the flattering truth of fleep,
My dreams prefage fome joyful news at hand:
My bofom's lord fits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd fpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd fuch life with kifses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itfelf poffeft,

When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!——How now, Balthasar ?

Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?

How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?

How fares my Juliet ? That I ask again ;

For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill ;

Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,

And her immortal part with angels lives ;

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

And presently took post to tell it you :

O pardon me for bringing these ill news,

Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !——

Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses ; I will hence to night.

Balth. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus :

Your looks are pale and wild, and do import

Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;

Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :

Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter ; get thee gone,

And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means :——O, mischief ! thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary,——

And hereabouts he dwells,——whom late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with over-whelming brows,

Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty feeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
Noting his penury, to myself I said——
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.——
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art
poor;

Hold, there is forty ducates: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath:
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law:
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
 Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Friar Lawrence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
 Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
 Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
 One of our order to associate me,
 Here in this city visiting the sick,
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,
 Suspecting that we both were in a house
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
 So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
 The letter was not nice, but full of charge
 Of dear import; and the neglecting it
 May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
 Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Law. Now must I to the monument alone;
 Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
 She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
 Hath had no notice of these accidents:
 But I will write again to Mantua,
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page with a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; Hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed: [*Strewing flowers.*

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!—

[*The boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning; something doth approach.
What curied foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch?—Muffle me, night awhile.

Enter Romeo, and Balthasar with a torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring ; a ring, that must I use
 In dear employment : therefore, hence, be gone :—
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 On what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout ;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking up the monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
 It is supposed the fair creature dy'd,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame :

To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :

Obeys, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,

Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;

Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head ;

By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !

By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;

For I come hither arm'd against myself :

Stay not, begone ;—live, and hereafter say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee boy.
[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

Par. O, I am slain!---If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:---
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?---O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,---
A grave? O, no; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O how may I
Call this a lightning?---O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.---
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe—
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
 For fear of that I will stay with thee ;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again : here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids ; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !——
 Come bitter conduct, come, unfavoury guide !
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.
 Here's to my Love !—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary !
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die [*Dies.*
Enter Friar Lawrence, with a lanthorn, crow and spade.

Law. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?—Who's there ?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend and one that knows you
 well.

Law. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ? As I discern,
 It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Law. Who is it ?

Balth. Romeo.

Law. How long hath he been there ?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Law. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, sir :

My master knows not but I am gone hence ;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Law. Stay then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me ;
 O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Law. Romeo?—

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs.

Jul. [*waking.*] O, comfortable friar, where is my
lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Law. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come, away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*noise again.*] I dare stay no
longer.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]
Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief, O happy
dagger? [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and let
me die.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard;

Go some of you, whome'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;---
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.---
Go, tell the prince, run to the Capulets,---
Raise up the Montagues,---some others search?
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, 'till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 Watch. Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
'That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, and Lady Capulet, &c.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry---Romeo,
Some---Juliet, and some---Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo! his house
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre,

Enter Montague, and others.

Prince. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.——
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Law. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Law. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them: and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You---to remove that siege of grief from her---
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
 To county Paris :---Then comes she to me;
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death: mean time I writ to Romeo,
 'That he should hither come as this dire night,
 'To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead,
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
 All this I know : and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
 Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;
 And then in post he came from Mantua,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?---
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes---that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.---
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!---
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love?
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:---all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand;
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt omnes.

NOTE.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him. Yet he thinks him no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.

Johnson.

THE END.

HAMLET.

I 2

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Claudius, King of Denmark.

Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.

Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.

Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.

Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.

Laertes, Son to Polonius.

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern,

} *Courtiers.*

Ostrick, a Courtier.

Another Courtier.

A Priest.

Marcellus,

Bernardo,

} *Officers.*

Francisco, a Soldier.

Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.

A Captain ; An Ambassador.

Ghost of Hamlet's father.

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.

Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene Elsinour.

HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elfinour.

A Platform before the Palace.

Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. WHO's there ?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king !

Fran. Bernardo ?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve ; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks : 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard ?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho ! Who is there ?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier :

Who hath reliev'd you ?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Mar. Holla ! Bernardo !

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there ?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio ; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night ?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy ;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded fight, twice seen of us ;
Therefore I have intreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night ;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush ! tush : 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while :

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then bearing one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off ; look where it comes
again !

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king ? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like ; it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark

Did sometime march? By heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. Now now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than phantasy?

What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the fledged Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know
not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
'This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror :
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king : which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher ; as, by that covenant,
And carriage of the articles design'd
His fell to Hamlet : Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't ; which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost : And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations ;
The source of this our watch ; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so :
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ; so like the king
That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;
Stars shone with trains of fire ; dews of blood fell ;
Disasters veil'd the sun ; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—

As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen coming on,—
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, haply, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.]

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,al,
 To offer it the shew of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and at this warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine: and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Room of State.

*Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes,
 Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green ; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye ;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along :—For all, our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—

Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,—
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting ;
 This much the business is : We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein ; in that the levies,
 The lifts, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject :—and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allows.

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that and all things will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing ; heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltimand, and Cornelius.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?
 You told us of some suit : what is't, Laertes ?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice : What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
 The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
 What would'st thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. My dread lord,
 Your leave and favour, to return to France ;
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
 To shew my duty in your coronation ;
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By labourfome petition: and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,---

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Afide.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever, with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
'Thou know'st, 'tis common: all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not seems,
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give those mourning duties to your father:
But you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow : but to persevere
 In obstinate condolment, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness : 'tis unmanly grief :
 It shews a will most incorrect to heaven :
 A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient ;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd :
 For what we know, must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe ; and think of us
 As of a father : for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne ;
 And, with no less nobility of love
 'Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet ;
 I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
 Be as ourself in Denmark—Madam, come ;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
 No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great canon to the clouds shall tell :
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 'That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
 So excellent a king ; that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
 'That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ! Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on : And yet, within a month,
 Let me not think on't :—Frailty, thy name is woman !—
 A little month ; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears :—why she, even she,—
 O heaven ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 'Than I to Hercules : Within a month ;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
 She marry'd.—O most wicked speed to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good :
 But break, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue !

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio,—or I do forget myself ?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever,

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name
 with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
 Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know you are no truant,
But what is your affair in Elsinour ?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! The funeral bak'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !——

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while :
With an attent ear ; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. 'Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly cap à pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,

Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch :
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes : I knew your father ;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
But even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

All. Arm'd my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord ! he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like : Stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste
Might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A fable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : So, fare you well ;
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would, the night were come !
'Till then sit still, my foul. Foul deeds will rise
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd ; farewell :
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting.
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now ;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will : but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head : Then if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart : But good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the deep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame ;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for : There,—my blessings with you ;
[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but my no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select, and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you ; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *[Exit Laertes.]*

Pol. What it't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you : and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous :
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour :
What is between you ? give me up the truth..

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? puh ! you speak like a green girl,
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a baby ;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows : These blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
 You must not take for fire. From this time,
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence ;
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, That he is young ;
 And with a larger tether may he walk,
 Than may be given you : in few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows : for they are brokers ;
 Not of that dye which their investments shew,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you ; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not : it then draws near
 the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of music within.*

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
 rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drums, and trumpet, thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition: and indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plaufive manners;—that these men;
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearf'd in death,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd.

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, what is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it.
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
lord!

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
(The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.)

Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—
Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:

I say, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost, and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go
no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear,

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—Lift, lift, O lift!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,——

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as
swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand and hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So, lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning air—
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of curst hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneal'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.]

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart:
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
 I have sworn it.

Hor. My lord, my lord,——

[Within.]

Mar. Lord Hamlet,

[Within.]

Hor. Heaven secure him!

[Within.]

Ham. So be it!

Mar. Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

[Within.]

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once
 think it?——

But you'll be secret,——

Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
 mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
 grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;—
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. 'Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For you desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,
true-penny?

Come on,---you hear this fellow in the cellaridge,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear!

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can't work i' the earth
so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than art dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soever I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
(With arms encumber'd thus; or this head-shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we
would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an if
they might*;—

Of such ambiguous giving out) denote
That you know aught of me: This do ye swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spight!

That ever I was born to set it right!—

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.

Enter Polonius, and Reynaldo.

Pol. **G**IVE him this money, and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make enquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you,
sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris ;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence ; and finding,
By this encompassment, and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer ;
Then your particular demands will touch it :
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him ;

As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him,—Do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him ;—but, you may say,—not*
well :

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild ;
*Addicted so and so :—*and there put to him
What forgeries you please ; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him ; take heed of that ;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing :—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no ; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency ;
That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty ;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind ;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir. here's my drift ;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant :
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you, your party in converse, him you would
found,

Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence ;

Good sir, or so ; or friend, or gentleman,—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—What
was I

About to say ? I was about to say
Something : Where did I leave ?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—*Ay, marry ;*
He closes with you thus :—*I know the gentleman ;*
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then ; with such ; or such ; and, as you say,
There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in his rouse ;
There falling out at tennis : or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel) or so forth.—See you now ;
Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth :
And thus we do of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out ;
So by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son : You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,---

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him play his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell.---How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,---with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,---he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so ;
At last,---a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,---
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being : That done, he lets me go :
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors, he went, without their helps,
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love ;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,---
What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
I had not quoted him : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy ;
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
That must be known ; which, being kept close, might
move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. II.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern ?

Moreover that we did much long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was : What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him ;
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time: so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
 And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much gentry, and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasure more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
 To lay our services freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed son.---Go, some of you,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
 Pleasant and helpful to him!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Queen. Ay, amen!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
 Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
 I hold my duty, as I hold my soul.
 Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
 And I do think (or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that ; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors ;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main ;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well we shall sift him—Welcome, my good
friends !

Say Voltimand, what from our brother Norway ?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack ;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness : Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was safely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief obeys ;
Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon, old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee ;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack :
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize ;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well ;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour :

Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :
Most welcome home ! *[Exeunt Volt. and Cor.]*

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief : Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad ?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis, 'tis, true : a foolish figure ;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then : and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect ;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause :
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend
I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;
Who, in her duty, and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this : Now gather, and surmise.
*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia—*

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; *beautifi'd*
Is a vile phrase ; but you shall hear :

These in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while ; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the stars are fire ;

[Reading.]

Doubt, that the sun doth move ;

Doubt truth to be a liar ;

But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art to reckon my groans : but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it, Adieu.

*Thine, evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me :
And, more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love ?

Pol. What do thou think of me ?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you
think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book ;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb ;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight ?
What might you think ? No, I went round to work ;
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak ;
*Lord Hamlet is a prince :———out of thy sphere ;
This must not be :* and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice :
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
that)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[*Pointing to his head and shoulders.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then:

Mark the encounter: if he love her not,

And be not from his reason fallen thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,

But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;

I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave—

[*Exeunt King, and Queen.*

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well;

You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the fun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive: friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone; and, truly, in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for love; very near this.—I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't.

[*Aside.*]

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out of the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet ; there he is,
[*Exit.*

Ros. God save you, sir !

Guil. Mine honour'd lord !

Ros. My most dear lord ! —

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy ;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours ?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune ? O, most true ; she is a strumpet. What news ?

Ros. None, my lord ; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doom's-day near : But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular : What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord !

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one ; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons ; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so ; to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one ; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God ! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of an infinite space ; were it not that I have had dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition: for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not fort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man. I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinour?

Ros. To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am; I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come; speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preserv'd love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you?

[To *Guil.*den.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen, moult no feather. I have of late (but,

wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form, and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals ! And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me---, nor woman neither ; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said,
Man delights not me ?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you : we coned them on the way ; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome ; his majesty shall have tribute of me : the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target ; the lover shall not sigh gratis ; the humorous man shall end his part in peace : the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere ; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they ?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel ? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of their late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? Are they so follow'd ?

Ros. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham.—What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elfsieur. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should

more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swadling-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: on Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.—When Roscius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,——

Ham. *Then came each actor on his ass,——*

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, (tragical-comical—historical-pastoral,) scene undividable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha, judge of Israel*,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord ?

Ham. Why, as *By lot, God wot*,—and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,—The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more ; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all :—I am glad to see thee well :—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend ! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last ; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By-r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw last, by the altitude of a chioppine, Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see : We'll have a speech straight : Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once : for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million : twas caviare to the general : but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent play ; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no falllets in the lines, to make the matter savoury ; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection : but call'd it, an honest method ; as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd : 'twas *Æneas' tale to Dido* ; and there about of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter ; If it live in your memory, begin at this line ; let me see, let me see ;—

The rugged Pyrrhus—like the Hyrcanian beast,—'tis not so ; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couched in the ominous horse.—

Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

*With heraldry more dismal : head to foot
Now is he total gules ; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons ;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder : Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks : — So, proceed you.*

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good accent, and good discretion.

I Play. *Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command : Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage, strikes wide ;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base ; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear ; for, lo ! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death ; anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam. —————*

*Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power :
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fends !*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's with your beard.---
Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

I Play. *But who, O woe! had seen the mobled queen,——*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

I Play. *Run bare-foot up and down, threat'ning the flames*

*With biffon rheum: a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood: and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time; After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—My good friends, [*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elfsieur.

Ros. Good, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lye i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words.
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!
About my brains! Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this; The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Palace.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
and Guildenstern.*

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are here about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true;
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither ;
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
 Affront Ophelia.
 Her father, and myself (lawful espials)
 Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
 We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
 If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
 That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you ;——
 And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness ; so shall I hope, your virtues
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,
 To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here :——Gracious, so
 please you,
 We will bestow ourselves :—Read on this book ;
 [*To Ophelia.*]

That shew of such an exercise may colour
 Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
 'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true ! how smart
 A lash that speech doth give my conscience ! [*Aside.*]
 'The harlot's cheek, beauty with platt'ring art,
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 Than is my deed to my most painted word :
 O heavy burden !

Pol. I hear him coming ; let's withdraw, my lord.
 [*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]
Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die ;—to sleep—
 No more ?—and, by a sleep, to say we end.

And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these again ; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord ?

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That, if you be honest, and fair, you should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
than with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the
force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness :
this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives
it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me : for virtue
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish
of it : I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery ; Why would'st thou
be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ?
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were
better, my mother had not borne me : I am very proud,
revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my back,
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to
give them shape, or time to act them in : What should
such fellows as I do crawling between earth and hea-
ven ? We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us :
Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him ; that he may
play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry ; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as
snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a

nunnery ; farewell : Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough, what monst'ers you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough ; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance : Go to ; I'll no more of't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mold of form,
The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unwatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me !
'To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose,
Will be some danger ; Which, for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down ; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute :
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus.

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To shew his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Hall.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth
it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-
crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much
with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the
very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind
of your passion, you must acquire and beget a tem-
perance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends
me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated
fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split
the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part,
are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews,
and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for
o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray
you, avoid it.

1 Player. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word,
the word to the action; with his special observance,
that you overstep not the modesty of nature: For any
thing so over-done is from the purpose of playing,

whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

I Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit Pol.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled;
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy: Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle.
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cram'd: you cannot feed on capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.---My lord, you play'd once i' the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. That I did, my lord: and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there---Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord,

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year:

But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestations unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but, in the end, accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching malicho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this shew imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him: Be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,
"Here stooping to your clemency,
"We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Vol. VIII. ○

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground ;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been ;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Makes us again count o'er, ere love be done !
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :
For women fear too much, even as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity ;
In neither ought, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;

My operant powers their functions leave to do ;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloy'd ; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou ———

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst !
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think, what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we break,
Our purpose is but the slave to memory ;
Of violent birth, but poor validity !

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree ;
 But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy,
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy :
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for ay ; nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;
 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,—
 Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own ;
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead,

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven
 light!

Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night !
 To desperation turn my trust and hope !
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
 Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now.— [To *Oph.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here
 a while ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

[*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;
And never come mischance betwixt us twain ! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no offence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically. 'This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna : Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife Baptista : you shall see anon ; 'tis a knavish piece of work : But what of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not : Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung. —

Enter Lucianus.

'This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So, you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murderer. — Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come — The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing ;

'Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

'Thy natural magic, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into his ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate,
His name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and written

in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord!

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two Provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, fir ?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor ; for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, fir :—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment : if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseas'd : But, fir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more, but to the matter : My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says : Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother !—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers

Ros. Good lord, what is your cause of distemper ? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders :—let me see one.—To withdraw with you :—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord,

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ! You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe ; Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. [*Enter Polonius.*]——God blefs you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mafs, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weazel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very a like whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by,—
They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by
and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The foul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent !

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let this madness range. Therefore prepare you ;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his luns.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many bodies safe,
That live and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more,
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest,

The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it, It is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet ;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him home :
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my liege ;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed.
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal-elfest curse upon't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past, But O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can; What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O limed soul: that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:
 All may be well!

[*The king kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
 And now I'll do't;—And so he goes to heaven:
 And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;
 With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid bent:
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
 Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;

At gaming, swearing; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in 't :
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven ;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*
The king rises.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

The Queen's Closet.

Enter Queen, and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home
 to him :

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with ;
 And that your grace hath screen'd and flood between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within*]. Mother, mother, mother !——

Queen. I'll warrant you ; fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*Polonius hides himself.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
 And—'would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then !'ll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall
 not budge ;

You go not, 'till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me !
 Help, help, ho ?

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ?

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*Hamlet strikes at Polonius through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed ;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king ?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

[*To Polonius.*]

I took thee for thy better ; take thy fortune :

Thou find'st, to be busy, is some danger :

Leave wringing of your hands : Peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty :

Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths : O ! such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;

Yea this solidity and compound mass,

With trifful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband:—Look you now, what follows :
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love : for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment ; And what judgment
 Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you have,
 Else, could you not have motion : But sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd ; for madness would not err ;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserved some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.
 O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed ;
 Stew'd in corruption ; honeying, and making love
 Over the nasty sty ;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more ;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears ;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain :
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings :
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
 And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches :—
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious
 figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 The important acting of your dread command ?
 O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
 O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you ?
 That you do bend your eyes on vacancy,
 And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse ?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
 Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son !
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him ! on him !—Look you, how pale
 he glares !

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me ;
 Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
 My stern effects : then, what I have to do
 Will want true colour ; tears, perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals
 away !

My father, in his habit as he liv'd !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
 This bodiless creation, ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music : It is not madness,
 That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;
 Whiles rank corruption mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;
 Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue :
 For, in the fatness of these purisy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg ;
 Yea, curb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in
 twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery,
 That aptly is put on : Refrain to-night ;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence : the next, more easy :
 For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And either master the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency. Once more good night !
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent ; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
 'To punish him with me, and me with this,—
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him. So, again good night !—
 I must be cruel, only to be kind :
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
 One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed ;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good, yet let him know,
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
 Such dear concerning hide ? who would do so ?
 No in despite of sense, and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly ; and, like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
 And break your neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,——

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!—
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night:—Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good night, mother.

[*Exit the Queen, and Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

ACT IV, SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. **T**HERE's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To Ros. and Guil. who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,
 He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat ! a rat !*
 And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
 The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :
 His liberty is full of threats to all ;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one,
 Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
 It will be laid to us ; whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad young man : but so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit ;
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he had kill'd :
 O'er whom his madness, like some ore,
 Among a mineral of metals base,
 Shews itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !
 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed
 We must, with all our majesty and skill,
 Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :
 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
 And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him :
 Go seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done : for haply, slander,
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air —O, come away !
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E. II.

Another Room. Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ——Safely stow'd. But soft,——

Ros. &c. within. Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence, And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd. When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. III.

Another Room. Enter the King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose ?
 Yet must not we put the strong law on him :
 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
 And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
 But never the offence. 'To bear all smooth and even,
 This sudden sending him away must seem
 Deliberate pause : Diseases, desperate grown,
 By desperate appliance are relieved,
 Or not at all.—How now ? what hath befallen ?

Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
 We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your
 pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :
 a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at
 him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet :
 we fat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we fat ourselves
 for maggots : Your fat king, and your lean beggar,
 is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table ;
 that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat
 of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may
 go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your
 messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other
 place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not
 within this month, you shall nose him as you go up
 the stairs into the lobby.

King Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness : Therefore, prepare thyself ;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come ;
for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother :—Father and mother is man and
wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and, so, my mother.
Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot : tempt him with speed
aboard ;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night :

Away for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair : Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

And, England ! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me : 'Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an Army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king :

Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

Fer. Go softly on. *[Exit Fortinbras, &c.]*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier!

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Capt. God be wi'ye, sir. *[Exit Captain.]*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little be-
fore. *[Exeunt Ros. and the rest.]*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do* ;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince ;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly, to be great
Is not to stir without great argument ;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep ? while to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain ?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Elfsieur. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Queen, and Horatio.

Queen. —I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate : indeed, distracted ;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.

Queen. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her father ; says, she hears,
'There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats her
heart ;

Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with ; for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding minds :

Let her come in.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, Ophelia ?

Oph. *How should I your true love know
From another one ?*

By his cockle hat, and staff,

And by his sandal shoon.

[*Singing.*]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you, nay ? pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone ;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho !

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers ;*

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you ! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this ; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this :

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine :
Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths,
And dup't the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame !
Young men will do't, if they come to't ;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed : He answers,
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hast not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient : but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground : My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach ! Good night, ladies ; good night sweet ladies : good night, good night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch I pray you. [Exit Horatio.

O ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs
All from her father's death : And now, behold, O
Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions ! First, her father slain ;

Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author

Of his own just remove: The people muddy'd,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
 In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia,
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France:
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign,
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death! [A noise within.]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers? Let them
 guard the door:—

What is the matter?

Gen. Save yourself, my lord;
 The ocean, over-peering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'er-bears your officers! 'The rabble call him, lord;
 And, as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 The ratifiers and props of every ward,
 They cry, *Choose we, Laertes shall be King!*
 Caps, hands; and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

Enter Laertes, with others.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

[Exeunt.]

Laer. I thank you:—Keep the door.— O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims
me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Rapaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Crowd within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now ! what noiſe is that ?
Enter Ophelia, fantastically dreſs'd with ſtraws and flowers.
O heat, dry up my brains ! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye ! —
By heaven, thy madneſs ſhall be pay'd with weight
'Till our own ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of May !
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet Ophelia !——
O heaven ! is 't poſſible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
Nature is fine in love : and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier ;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny :
And on his grave rain'd many a tear ;——*
Fare you well, my dove !

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, *Down a-down, an you call him
a-down-a.*

O, how the wheel becomes it ! It is the falſe ſteward,
That ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance ;
pray you, love, remember : and there is pansies, that's
for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs ; thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines.
There's rue for you ;—and here's ſome for me :—we
may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays :—you may wear
your rue with a difference—There's a daiſy :—I would

give you some violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God a' mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi'
you. *[Exit Oph.]*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand.
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;

And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI.

*Another Room.**Enter Horatio, with a Servant.**Hor.* What are they, that would speak with me?*Serv.* Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.——

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.**Sail.* God blefs you, sir.*Hor.* Let him blefs thee too.*Sail.* He shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the embassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.*Horatio reads the letter.*

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;

And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Another Room.
Enter King, with Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend ;
Such you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears :—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up ?

King. O, for two special reasons ;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,
(My virtue, and my plague, be it either which)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him :
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost :
A sister driven into desperate terms :
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections :—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that : you must not
think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,

That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us.

[*Exit Mess.*]

*HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on
your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes: when I shall, first, asking your pardon there-
unto, recount the occasion of my sudden and most strange
return.*
Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone*:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it.—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my advice,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one: and that in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too: for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'Twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you: The scrimers of their nation,
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you oppos'd them : Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
 Now out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
 Or, are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father
 But that I know, love is begun by time ;
 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick or snuff, that will abate it:
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 Dies in his own too much : That we would do,
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
 That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
 Hamlet comes back ; What would you undertake,
 To shew yourself your father's son in deed
 More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctua-
 rize ;

Revenge should have no bounds. But good Laertes,
 Will you do this, keep close within your chamber :
 Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home :
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine, to-
 gether,

And wager o'er your heads : he, being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils ; so that, with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assav'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha' 't:

When in your motion you are hot or dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where!

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds

Clambering to hang, an envious fliver broke ;
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths spread wide ;
 And, mermaid-like a while they bore her up :
 Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes ;
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indu'd
 Unto that element : but long it could not be,
 'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, is she drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears : But yet
 It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
 The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !
 I have a speech of fire ; that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude :
 How much I had to do to calm his rage !
 Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
 Therefore, let's follow. [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A church-yard. Enter two clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clown.* **I**S she to be bury'd in Christian burial,
 that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is ; therefore, make her
 grave straight ; the crowner hath sat on her, and finds
 it Christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drow'd herself
 in her own defence ?

2 *Clown.* Why, tis found so.

1 *Clown*. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Clown*. Nay, but hear, you, good man deliver.

1 *Clown*. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown*. But is this law?

1 *Clown*. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clown*. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been bury'd out of christian burial.

1 *Clown*. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity; that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian. Come; my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

1 *Clown*. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture?—The scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me not to the purpose, confests to thyself—

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say, the

gallows is built stronger than the church : argal, The gallows may do well to thee. To't again ; come.

2 *Clown*. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To't.

2 *Clown*. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it ; for your dull afs will not mend his pace with beating ; and, when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker ; the houses that he makes, last 'till doomsday. Go get thee to Youghan, and fetch me a sloop of liquor. [Exit 2 *Clown*.]

He digs, and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought, it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my bebove

O! methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business ? he sings at grave making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so : the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

As if I had never been such.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once : How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw bone, that did the first murder ! This might be the pate of a politician, which this afs now o'er-reaches ; one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier ; which could say, ' Good-morrow, sweet lord ! How dost thou, good lord ? ' This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my

lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not ?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why e'en so : and now my lady worms ; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade . Here's a fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them ? mine ache to think on't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

For—and a shrowding sheet :

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another : Why may not that be the scull of a Lawyer ? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? Hum ! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries : Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha !

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow : Whose grave's this, firrah ?

Clown. Mine, fir.——

O, a pit of clay for to be made—

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed ; for thou ly'st in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, fir, and therefore it is not yours : for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine : 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, fir ; 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

Clown. For no man, fir.

Ham. What woman, then ?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't ?

Clown. One that was a woman, fir ; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it ; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kite.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't the day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since ?

Clown. Cannot you tell that ? Every fool can tell that : It was that very day that young Hamlet was born ; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England ?

Clown. Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there ; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark : I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

Clown. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corfes now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, fir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, fir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now; to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. It were to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft, aside;—Here comes the king.

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, the corpse of Ophelia, with
Lords and Priests attending.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes.

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground unsanctify'd have lodg'd
'Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curst head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself?

Woo't drink up Efil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To out face me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him:

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[*Exit Hor.*

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument;

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. So much for this, fir: now shall you see the other;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly, And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know, Our indiscretion sometime serves us well, When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us, There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin, My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire; Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew To mine own room again: making so bold, My fears forgetting manners, to unseal Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio, A royal knavery; an exact command,— Larded with many several sort of reasons, Importing Denmark's health, and England's too, With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life— That, on the supervize, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure— But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies, Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, They had begun the play;—I sat me down; Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair: I once did hold it, as our statists do,

A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, fir ; now
It did me yeoman's service : Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king, —
As England was his faithful tributary ;
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;
And many such like as's of great charge—
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not thriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant ;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal :
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
Subscrib'd it ; gave 't the impression ; plac' it safely ;
The changeling never known : Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to it.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment ;
They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother ;
Popt in between the election and my hopes ;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage ; is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm ; and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life 's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I'll count his favours :
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace who comes here ?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir,—Dost know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious : for 'tis a vice to know him : He hath much land, and fertile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess : 'Tis a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit : Put your bonnet to his right use ; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold ; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot ; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Ofr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith.—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calender of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his desinement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Ofr. Sir.

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ofr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Ofr. I know you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—Well, sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Ofr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdles, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Ofr. The carriages sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bett against the Danish: Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. The king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a

special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter the King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osrick, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a fore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet;

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

'Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd: but, 'till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely ;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils ; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes ; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Ofrick.—Cousin
Hamlet,

You know the wager ?

Ham. Very well, my lord ;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it ; I have seen you both :—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. That is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well : these foils have all a
—length ? [*They prepare to play.*]

Ofr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table :—
If Hamlet gives the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire ;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn : Give me the cups :
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin ;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They Play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well, —again, —

King. Stay, give me drink : Hamlet, this pearl is
thine ;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[Trumpet sounds; shot goes off.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[They play.]

Come, another hit ; What say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our ion shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord ;—I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup ; it is too late. *[Aside.]*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think 't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[Aside.]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes : You do but
dally ;

I pray you, pass with your best violence ;

I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on.

[Play.]

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

*[Laertes wounds Hamlet ; then, in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds
Laertes.]*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ofr. Look to the queen there, ho !

[The Queen falls.]

Hor. They bleed on both sides :—How is it my
lord !

Ofr. How is 't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
Ofrick ;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet !——

The drink, the drink ;—I am poison'd.—

[*The Queen dies.*]

Ham. O villainny !—Ho ! let the door be lock'd :
Treachery ! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet : Hamlet, thou art slain ;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life ;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd : the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me ; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again : thy mother's poison'd ;
I can no more—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too !—

Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the king.*]

All. Treason ; treason !

King. O, yet defend me friends ; I am but hurt,

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
Dane,

Drink off this potion :—Is the union here ?

Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd ?

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet :

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee ;

Nor thine on me !

[*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio :—Wretched queen, adieu !

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead ;

Thou liv'st ; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it ;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup ; let go ; by heaven, I'll have it.—
O God !—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.——

[*March afar off, and shout within.*]

What warlike noise is this ?

Ofr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit ;
I cannot live to hear the news from England :
But I do prophesy, the election lights
On Fortinbras ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with occurents more or less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence. [Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart :—Good night sweet
prince ;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !—
Why does the drum come hither ?

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this fight ?

Hor. What is it, you would see ?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries, on havoc—O proud death !
What feast is toward in thine infernal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck ?

Amb. The fight is dismal ;
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you :
He never gave commandment for their death,
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arriv'd ; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it.
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune ;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me,

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more ;
But let the same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage :
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies :—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt : after which. a peal of ordinance is
shot off.*]

N O T E.

If the dramas of Shakespear were to be characterised, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment, that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the sop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily have been formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shewn little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose: the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

Johnson.

THE END.



OTHELLO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of Venice.

Brabantio, a Senator.

Two other Senators.

Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.

Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.

Othello, the Moor.

Cassio, his Lieutenant.

Iago, his Ancient.

Roderigo, a Venetian Gentleman.

Montano, the Moor's Predecessor in the government
of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

Æmilia, Wife to Iago.

Bianca, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors,
and Attendants.

Scene, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of
the Play, in Cyprus.

O T H E L L O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Rod. N E V E R tell me:—I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me :
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy
hate.

Iag. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of
the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place ;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
And, in conclusion,

Non-suits my mediators; *for certes, says he,*
I have already chosen my officer.

And what was he ?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election ;
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus : and on other grounds

Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster ;
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be ;
 And I, sir, (bless the mark) his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. But there's no remedy ; 'tis the curse of service ;
 Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you ;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd.
 Whip me such honest knaves : others there are,
 Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;
 And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive with them, and, when they have lin'd
 their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one I do profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago :
 In following him, I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Route him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud,

Iago. Do; with light timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spy'd in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put on your
gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee: and now, in madness,

Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, fir, fir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good fir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those, that will not serve
God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service, you think we are ruffians. You'll have
your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll
have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have coursers
for cousins, and gennets for Germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, fir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with
two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
you;

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o' the night,
Trasported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
 To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper;—call up all my people:
 This accident is not unlike my dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already:—
 Light, I say! light!

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
 Against the Moor: For I do know, the state,—
 However this may gall him with some check,—
 Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war,
 (Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls
 Another of his fathom they have not,
 To lead their business: in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
 Yet for necessity of present life,
 I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
 him,

Lead to the Saggitary the rais'd search;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!—
 With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
 How did'st thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me
 Past thought!--What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
 Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?

Red. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—how got she out?—O treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.---Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.---O, 'would you had had her!--

Some one way, some another.---Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most:---Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might.—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E. II.

Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast marry'd? for, be sure of this,—
That the magnifico is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:

My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, and unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
yonder?

Enter Cassio, with others.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, général;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you!

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
'This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already; You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,

If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,

So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,—

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,

Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom

Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,

That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,

That weaken motion:---I'll have it disputed on;

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of art inhibited and out of warrant;---

Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,

Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest :
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.---Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison ; 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied ;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him ?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council ; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How ! the duke in council !
In this time of the night ! Bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cause : the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own :
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond slaves, and Pagans, shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Council-chamber.

Duke and Senators, sitting.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred :
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where they aim reports
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,

But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What ho ! what ho ! what ho !

Enter an officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now ? the business ?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

I Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason ; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze : When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk ;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in:---if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first ;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there enjoined them with an after-fleet.

I Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess ?

Mes. Of thirty sail : and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus —
Marcus Lucchese, is not he in town ?

I Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him, post, post-haste: dispatch.

Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To Brab.* We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me; Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business, Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care Take hold on me; for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature, That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows, And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks: For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, Sans witchcraft could not——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding, Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself, And you of her, the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter, After your own sense; yea, though our proper son Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems, Your special mandate, for the state affairs, Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? [*To Othello.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors, My very noble and approv'd good masters,—

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
 It is most true; true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
 'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold:
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
 It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
 That will confess—perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
 Without more certain and more over test,
 Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak;—
 Did you by indirect and forced courses,
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
 And let her speak of me before her father:
 If you do find me foul in her report,
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt Two or Three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
 place.————— [Exit Iago.

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
 I do confess the vices of my blood,
 So justly to your grave ears I'll present
 How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
 And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have pass'd:
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
 Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history:
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
 heaven,
 It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline:
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively : I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
 She wish'd, she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
 too.——

Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best :
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak :
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty :
 To you I am bound for life, and education ;
 My life and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;
 I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it,—
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk, of Cyprus, us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal;
But words are words: I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the
place is best known to you: And though we have
there a substitute of most allow'd sufficiency, yet opi-

nion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you must therefore be content to flubber the gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reverence of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke;
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—I do beseech you, let
Her will have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, (the young effects,
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me; No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid, feel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient,
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[To Brab.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her Moor: have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke and Senators.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee :
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her ;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago,——

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment :
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is
our physician.

Iago. O villainous ? I have look'd upon the world
for four times seven years : and since I could distinguish
betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man
that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I
would drown myself for the love of a Guinea hen, I
would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do ? I confess, it is my shame
to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue ? a fig ! 'tis in ourselves, that we are
thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens ; to the
which, our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant
nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ;
supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with
many ; either have it steril with idleness, or manur'd
with industry ; why, the power and corrigible autho-
rity of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our
lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of
sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would
conduct us to most preposterous conclusions : But we
have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal
stings, our unbitted lusts ; whereof I take this, that
you call—love, to be a sect or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness? I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse: follow thou these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard: I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor, —put money in thy purse:—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration?—put but money in thy purse. —These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is fated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me; Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

Rod. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to ; farewell ; put money enough in your purse. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse :
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I should time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well ;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man : Let me see now ;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will,
 A double knavery,—How ? how !—Let me see :—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife :—
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so ;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have 't ;—it is engender'd : Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Capital of Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. **W**HAT from the cape can you discern
 at sea !

Gent. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Defery a fail.

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements :
If it hath rusian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortice ? What shall we hear of this ?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
'The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
'The wild-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole :
I never did like molestation view
On the enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inselter'd and imbay'd, they are drown'd ;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News lords ? our wars are done :
The desperate tempest hath sobang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts : A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How ! is this true ?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronese : Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore ; The Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on 't ; 'tis a worthy governor,

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of
comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe : for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be ;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full foldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho !
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello ;

Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so :
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
'That so approve the Moor : O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea !

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
'Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail !

Cas. What noise ?

Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow of the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;
Our friends, at least. [Guns heard.]

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.]

Mont. But good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately : he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame ;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency. How now ? who has put in ?

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed :
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago ;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath ;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort !—O, behold,

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.
The riches of the ship is come on shore !—
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees :
Hail to thee, lady ! and grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd ; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear :—How lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship : But, hark ! a sail.

Within.] A sail, a sail ! *[Gun heard.*

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel ;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.— *[An attendant goes out.*
Good ancient, you are welcome :—Welcome, mis-
trefs. *[To Emilia.*

Let not it gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners : 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. *[Kisses her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much :
I find it still, when I have list to sleep :
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors,

Belles in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your
beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer ?

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am Turk :
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou should'st
praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay :—There's one gone to the
harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all : But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd ; How if she be black and witty ?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit.

She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How, if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's foul and foolish ?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones
do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Æmilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Vol. VIII.

X

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior !

Des. My dear Othello !

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calmness,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high ; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven ! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here ; it is too much of joy ;
And this, and this, the greatest discords be
[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now !
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers ;
Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus !

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant; as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this,—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of all these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest'd figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Blest'd pudding! Didst thou not

see her paddle in the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night: for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may; for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,

I stand accountant for as great a sin),
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my seat: The thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards:
 And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 Till I am even with him, wife for wife;
 Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—
 For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me;
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A Street. Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him? for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials; So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven: Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Caf. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To Desdemona.*
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. —
Good night. [*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

Enter Iago.

Caf. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten
o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love
of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame:
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and
she is sport for Jove.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks, it sounds a
parley of provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right
modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to
love?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come,
lieutenant, I have a sloop of wine; and here without
are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have
a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Caf. Not to-night good Iago; I have very poor
and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish
courtesy would invent some other custom of entertain-
ment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll
drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that

was craftily qualified too, and behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 'tis a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do 't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Ro-
derigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle deep ; and he's to watch :

Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle,—

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle.—But here they come :

If consequence do but approve my dream,

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse
already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint,
As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[*Iago sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink ;

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ;

A life's but a span ;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they

are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Caf. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next bottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the taylor—lowe.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Caf. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Caf. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me: the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mont. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him,
I fear the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep;
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils: Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How, now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Rod.*

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within,—Help! help!*

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*

I pray you, fir, hold your hand.

Caf. Let me go, fir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caf. Drunk?

[*They fight.*]

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to Roderigo.*]

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—fir, Montano,—fir;—

Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!---

Who's that that rings the bell?---Diable, ho!

[*Bell rings.*]

The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;---he dies.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,---fir,---Montano---
gentlemen.---

Have you forget all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks: and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,

Holds his foul light; he dies upon his motion.---

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.---What is the matter, masters?---

Honest Iago, that look'ft dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;--friends all but now even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
And would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure : What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler ? Give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger ;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you——
While I spare speech, which something now offends
me,---

Of all that I do know : nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice :
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way ; if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on ;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.---What ! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety !
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began't ?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him,——Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow, crying out for help ;
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him : Sir, this gentleman
 Steps into Cassio, and entreats his pause :
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Left, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright : he, swift of foot,
 Out-ran my purpose ; and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath ; which, till to-night,
 I ne'er might say before : When I came back,
 (For this was brief) I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust ; even as again they were,
 When you yourself did part them.
 More of this matter can I not report :—
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget :
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
 Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe receiv'd,
 From him that fled, some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine.——

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;——
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting : Come away to bed.
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon :——
 Lead him off.——

[*To Montano, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town ;
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted—
 Come, Desdemona ; 'tis the soldier's life,
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Ex. Manent Iago and Cassio.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee---devil!

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.---O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As the

time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!--Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.-----I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;---I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:---confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,

Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
 As the free elements: And then for her
 To win the Moor,—wer't to renounce his baptism,
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so enfetters'd to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function: How am I then a villain,
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
 As I do now: For, while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor:
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all. How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.—My money
 is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly
 well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall
 have so much experience for my pains; and so, with
 no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:

Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning :
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—
 Retire thee : go where thou art billeted :
 Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :
 Nay, get thee gone.— [Exit Roderigo:
 Two things are to be done,—
 My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on ;
 Myself the while, will draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife :—Ay, that's the way ;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Cas. **M**ASTERS, play here, I will content your
 pains,
 Something that's brief ; and bid—good-morrow, ge-
 neral. [Music plays, and enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been
 at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

Mus. How, sir, how !

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ?

Clown. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that
 I know. But, masters, here's money for you : and
 the general so likes your music, that he desires you,
 of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard,
 to 't again : but, as they say, to hear music, the ge-
 neral does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away, [*Exe. Mus.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir, if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in for your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently: :
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
'That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves
you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—

Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot:
And, by him, do my duties to the state:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,--shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Room, in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good madam do; I know it grieves my
husband,

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt Cas-
sio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord,
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but lady,
'That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,

Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that ; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place : assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article : my lord shall never rest :
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit : 'Therefore be merry, Cassio ;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at a distance.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord : or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take :
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face :
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. Ay, sooth ; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him : Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly ?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home.

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night ; or Tuesday morn ;
Or Tuesday noon, or night ; or Wednesday morn ;
I pray thee, name the time ; but let it not
Exceed three days ; in faith, he's penitent ;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check : When shall he come ?
Tell me, Othello, I wonder in my soul
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you ; and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part ; to have so much to do
To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more : let him come when he will.
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon ;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear you gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm ;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person : Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing :
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,—
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you ? no : Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you; Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit with Æmil.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee! and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last? Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought:
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord;—By heaven, he echoes me, As if there were some monster in his thought, Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean something. I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that, When Cassio left my wife; What didst not like? And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed!* And didst contract and purse thy brow together, As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me, Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou do'st:

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty.

And weigh't thy words before thou giv't them breath—
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :
 For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
 Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
 They are close delations, working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this :

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts ? Why, say, they are vile and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful.

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
 A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guess,

(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses ; and, oft, my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice ; nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance :—

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; }
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsuffolate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, *Iago*;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
 To shew the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
 Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
 I would not have your free and noble nature,
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't;
 I know our country disposition well;
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
 Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
 And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
 She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
 He thought 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
 For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
 Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are mov'd;—
 I am to pray you not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
 My speech should fall into such vile success
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:
 My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay! there's the point: As—to be bold with you,—
 Not to affect many proposed matches,
 Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
 Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
 Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
 But pardon me; I do not, in position,
 Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
 May fall to match you with her country forms,
 And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
 Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
 doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord,—I would, I might entreat your honour
 To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;
 And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
 (For sure, he fills it up with great ability)
 Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:
 Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
 With any strong, or vehement importunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black:
 And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
 She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For other's uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself! ———
 I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again;
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It shall be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little.

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Des. and Oth.]

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
 (For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give it Iago:
 What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
 I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? what do you here alone ?

Æmil. Do not you chide : I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me ?—It is a common thing.

Æmil. Ha !

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. O, is that all ? what will you give me now
For that same handkerchief !

Iago. What handkerchief !

Æmil. What handkerchief !

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?

Æmil. No ; but she let it drop by negligence ;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench ; give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest
To have me filch it ?

Iago. Why, what is that to you ? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't ; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit Æmil.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it ; Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something,
The Moor already changes with my poison :—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which at the first, are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast fet me on the rack:—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sence had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry:
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now; for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump;
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Catching hold on him.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
'Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd ;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !
 Are you a man ! have you a soul of sense ?—
 God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
 That liv'd to make thine honesty a vice !—
 O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
 I thank you for this profit : and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, fith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :---Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
 I'll have some proof : Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face.---If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.---'Would, I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
 I do repent me, that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, I will ?

Iago. And may : But how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on ?
 Behold her tupp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ? O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring 'em to that prospect : Damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
 More than their own ! What then ? how then ?
 What shall I say ? Where's satisfaction ?
 It is impossible, you should see this,
 Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
 As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross.

As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction; you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,——*Sweet Desdemona!*

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand
Cry,---*O sweet creature!* and then kifs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips ; then lay his leg
Over my thigh and sigh, and kifs ; and then
Cry,---*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this.---
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief
(I am sure, it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,——

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas her's,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives :
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
Now do I see 'tis true.---Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
Tis gone.---
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis for aspicks' tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood !

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may change.'

Oth. Never, Iago : Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont ;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.---Now, by yond' marble heaven,
[*He kneels.*

In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet---

[*Iago kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements that clip us round about !
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at your request :
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt:*

S C E N E IV.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare nor say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a foldier; and for me to say a foldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to: Where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say---he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edify'd by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make question, and make them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia.

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes: And, but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Dook, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be Call'd to him.--How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady :—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand : This hand is moist my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;—

Hot, hot, and moist : This hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,

Much castigation, exercise devout ;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand : the hearts of old, gave hands ;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me ;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault : That handkerchief

Did an Ægyptian to my mother give :

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people ; she told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Intirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies : She, dying, gave it me ;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so : and take heed on't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is it lost? is it gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven blefs us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. I pray, talk to me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,——

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit Othello.*]

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief.

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man :
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you ! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way ; 'tis she must do't ;
And, lo, the happiness ! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio ? what's the news with
you ?

Cas. Madam, my former suit : I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour ; I would not be delay'd :
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit ;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas ! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune ;
My lord is not my lord ; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best ;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech ! You must a while be patient ;
What I can do, I will ; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare ; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry ? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air ;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother :—And can he be angry ?

Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*]

Des. I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
'Tis even so; for let our finger ach,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain: Nay, we must think,
Men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon himself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him.---Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*]

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times ?
O weary reckoning !

Caf. Pardon me, Bianca ;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prefs'd :
But I shall, in a more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this ?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause :
Is it come to this ? Well, well.

Caf. Go to, woman !
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Caf. I know not, sweet ; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well ; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copy'd :
Take it, and do't ; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Caf. I do attend here on the general ;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Caf. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little ;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Caf. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here : but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter Othello, and Iago.*

Iago. **W**ILL you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
 To kifs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
 An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
 It is hypocrify againſt the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do ſo,
 The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial flip:
 But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis her's, my lord; and, being her's,
 She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectrefs of her honour too;
 May ſhe give that?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
 They have it very oft, that have it not:
 But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would moſt gladly have forgot
 it:—

Thou ſaid'ſt,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
 As doth the raven o'er the infected houſe,
 Boding to all;—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you
 wrong?

Or heard him ſay,—As knaves be ſuch abroad,
 Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,
 Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
 Convinced or ſupplied them, cannot chooſe
 But they muſt blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing ?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but, be ye well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said ?

Iago. What, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her ; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on
her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's ful-
some. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—
To confess, and be hang'd for his labour.—First, to be
hang'd, and then—to confess:—I tremble at it,—
Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing
passion, without some instruction. It is not words,
that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—
—Is it possible:—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O de-
vil!—

[*Falls in a trance.*]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say!—Othello!—How now, Cassio?

[*Enter Cassio.*]

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is the second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horn'd man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good sir, be a man ?

'Think every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you : there's millions now alive,
'That nightly lie in those improper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar ; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste ! No, let me know ;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise ; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart ;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man)
Cassio came hither : I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy ;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me ;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face :
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath and is again to cope your wife ;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience ;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago ?

I will be found most cunning in my patience ;
But (dost thou hear ?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss—

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes ; it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one ;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter :—Here he comes :—

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed ?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff !

Oth. Look, how he laughs already ! [*Aside.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue ! I think, indeed, she loves
me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio ?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er : Go to ; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her :
Do you intend it ?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman ? do you triumph ?

[*Aside.*

Cas. I marry her !—what ? a customer ! I pr'ythee
bear some charity to my wit ; do not think it so un-
wholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

Oth. So, so, so, so ! They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me ? Well. [*Aside.*

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out : she is
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and
flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me ; now he begins the story.
[*Aside.*

Cas. She was here even now ; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians ; and thither comes the bawble ; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck ;——

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio ! as it were : his gesture imports it.
[*Aside.*

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so hales and pulls me : ha, ha, ha!--

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber : O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.
[*Aside.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me ! look, where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew ! marry, a perfum'd one.---What do you mean by this haunting of me ?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you ? What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work---A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there ! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work ? There, give it your hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca ? how now ? how now ?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief !
[*Aside.*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may : an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.
[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must ; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there !

Cas. I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come ; Will you ?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit *Cassio*.

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, *Iago*!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, *Iago*!—O, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend: for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good.---What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord:
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. 'This fail you not to do, as you will—' [*Reads.*]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone?

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wife?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!

[*Striking her.*]

Des. I have not deserv'd this,

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

Lod. Truly, and obedient lady:—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress, —

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn?
Sir she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,---obedient,---
Very obedient;---Proceed you in your tears.---
Concerning this, sir,---O well-painted passion!---
I am commanded home:---Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.---Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;---Hence, avaunt!---

[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And,---sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.---Goats and monkies!

[Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call---all-in-all sufficient? This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,---if, what he might, he is not,---
I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet 'would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas ! alas !
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him ;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech : Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Æmil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor no-
thing ?

Æmil. Never my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Æmil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thoughts ; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither ;—go--- [*Exit Æmilia.*
She says enough ;—yet she's a simple bawd ;
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets :
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter Æmilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [*To Æmilia.*] Some of your function mistress;

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Æmilia.*]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import;

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife my lord;

Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Left, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damn'd.

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd

All kinds of sores, and shames on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at——
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou had'st
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinder burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it:—What committed!—Impu-
dent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy then ;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. — You, mistress, —

Enter Æmilia.

That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell ; You ! you ! ay, you !
We have done our course ; there's money for your pains ;
I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive ? —
How do you, madam ? how do you, my good lady ?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord ?

Des. With who ?

Æmil. With my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord ?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none : Do not talk to me, Æmilia ;
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, — remember ; —
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here is a change indeed.

[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter Iago, with Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam ? How is it
with you ?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy talks :
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady ?

Æmil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago ?

Iago. What name, fair lady ?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
'To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
What should he call her, whore? who keeps her com-
pany?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—

O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold:

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascal naked through the world,

Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he was,
'That turn'd your wit the foamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O, good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:---

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse; or thought, or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,---though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,---love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, where !
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humour ;
'The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,---

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
And the great messengers of Venice stay :
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo ?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dost 'st me with some device,
Iago ; and rather, (as it seems to me now) keep'st from
me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least
advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure
it : Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace
what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much ; for your words
and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,
to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a
votarist : You have told me---she hath receiv'd them,
and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden
respect and acquaintance ; but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; I begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,---I mean, purpose, courage and valour---this night shew it: If thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass.

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be linger'd here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean---removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither

will I go to him;---he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high suppertime, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?---O, Desdemona!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there, look it be done. [Exit.]

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent: He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,--- Pr'ythee, unpin me,---have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one :—Good father how foolish are our minds!--

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid, call'd---Barbara ;
She was in love ; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her : she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it : That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind ; I have much to do,
But to hang my head all o'one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.-- Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown ?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

'This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow ; [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow :

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans ;
Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones ;
Lay by these :

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

Pr'ythee, hie thee ; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark ! who is it that knocks ?

Æmil. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love ; but what said he then ?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone ; good night.—Mine eyes do itch ;
Doth that bode weeping ?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these
men !—

Dost thou in conscience think,---tell me, *Æmilia*,
'That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind ?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. Why, would not you ?

Des. No, by this heavenly light !

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light :
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Æmil. The world is a huge thing : 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth, I think I should ; and undo't
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
thing for a joint ring ; nor for measures of lawn ;
nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
exhibition : but, for all the whole world,---Why,
who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make
him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ;
and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong
in your own world, and you might quickly make it
right.

Des. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage, as
Would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husband's faults,
If wives do fall : Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps ;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say, they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite !
 Why, we have galls ; and, though we have some grace,
 Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
 Their wives have sense like them ; they see, and smell,
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have. What is it that they do,
 When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?
 I think it is ; And doth affection breed it ?
 I think it doth ; Is't frailty that thus errs ?
 It is so too : And have we not affections ?
 Desires for sport and frailty ? as men have ?
 Then, let them use us well : else, let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night : Heaven me such
 usage send,
 Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend !
[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Street. Enter Iago, and Roderigo.

Iago. **H**ERE, stand behind this bulk ; straight will
 he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
 Quick, quick ; fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow :
 It makes us, or it mars us ; think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand ; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here at thy hand ; be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed ;
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons :—
 'Tis but a man gone :—forth, my sword ; he dies.

[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the
 sense,
 And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gain : Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona ;
 It must not be : if Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly ; and besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him ; there stand I in much peril.
 No,—he must die :—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he ;---Villain, thou dy'st.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou think'st ;
 I will make proof of thine.

[Fight. Cassio wounds Roderigo : Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.]

Rod. O, I am slain !

Cas. I am maim'd for ever ;---Help, ho ! murder !
 murder !

Enter Othello, above.

Oth. The voice of Cassio :---Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am !

Oth. Hark ! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth. 'Tis he ;---O brave Iago, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong !
 Thou teachest me,---Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace : Strumpet, I come :
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted ;
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.]

Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What ho ! no watch ? no passage ? murder !
 murder !

Gra. 'Tis some mischance ; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O help !

Lod. Hark !

Rod. O wretched villain !

Lod. Two or three groans ; it is a heavy night

These may be counterfeits ; let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come ? then I shall bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a light.

Lod. Hark !

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
weapons.

Iago. Who's there ? what noise is this, that cries
out murder ?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry ?

Cas. Here, here ; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed ; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously ?

Cas. Iago ? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains ?
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant ! what villains have done this ?

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains !

What are you there ? come in, and give some help.

To Lod. and Gra.

Rod. O, help me here !

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave ! O villain !

Iago stabs him.

Rod. O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !---O ! O ! O !

Iago. Kill men i' the dark !---Where be these bloody
thieves ?

How silent is this town !---Ho ! murder ! murder !
What may you be ? are you of good or evil ?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico ?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy ; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio !

Iago. How is it, brother ?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano?, I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—
the chair:—

[*A chair brought in.*

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[*To Bianca.*

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend; What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man

Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear
him out o' the air.—

[*Cassio is borne off.*

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress? Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her; Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak, Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark, By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd; He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentlemen! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dréss'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.* That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A bed-chamber: Desdemona in bed, asleep. A light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood; Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then---Put out the light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me :---but once put out thy light,

'Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light relumine.---When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither :---I'll smell it on the tree.---

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

Justice herself to break her sword!---Once more.---

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after :---Once more, and this the last :

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,

But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly ;

It strikes, where it doth love.---She wakes---

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by :

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit ;

No,---Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,

When your eyes roll so : Why I should fear, I know
not,

Since guiltiness I know not ; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame :

These are portents ; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still !

Des. I will so : What's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave
thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul ;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury ; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently :

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin ;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O heaven, have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too !—I never did

Offend you in my life ; never lov'd Cassio,

But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love : I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.

O perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,---

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;

I never gave it him : Send for him hither,

And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord ?

Oth. That he hath---us'd thee.

Des. How ? unlawfully ?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd ;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. O, my fear interprets then,--What, is he dead ?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet ! Weep'st thou for him to my
face ?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet !

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive---

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Æmilia within.

My lord, my lord ! what ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. What noise is this ?---Not dead ? not yet quite
dead ?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful ;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.---

So, so.

Æmil. What ho ! my lord, my lord !

Oth. Who's there ?

Æmil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word
with you.

Oth. Yes ;---'tis Æmilia :---by and by.---She's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death ;
The noise was high.---Ha ! no more moving ?
Still as the grave.---Shall she come in ?---Were 't good !
I think, she stirs again :---No.---What's the best ?
If she come in, she'll sure come to my wife :---.

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
 O insupportable! O heavy hour!
 Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

Æmil. I do beseech you I may speak with you.
 O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, *Æmilia*:
 Soft, by and by:---Let me the curtains draw.---
 Where art thou?—What's the matter with thee now?
 [*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
 Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
 And Cassio kill'd!—

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
 Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!
 Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. O, who hath done
 This deed?

Des. No body; I myself; farewell:
 Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was as false as water.

Æmil. Thou art as rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else:
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say, thy husband.

Æmil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!
My husband say that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband; Do'st understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Æmil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,---
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:---Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago and others.

Mon. What is the matter?---How now, general?

Æmil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this, villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought: and told no more
'Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie: an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie;---
She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your
tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to
speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth!

Mon. O monstrous act!

Æmil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!

I thought so then; I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Othello looking on his wife.*]

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!--- [*Rising.*]
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:---I hold my peace,
sir? no,

No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago stabs his wife, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?---Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone; but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,

But kill him rather: I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damn'd slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:---
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music. *Willow, willow, willow.*---

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor::

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,---I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;---

O, here it is:---Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain.

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop:---But, O vain boast!
 Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.---
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
 The very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires;---Where should Othello go?
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-flarr'd wench?
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
 Even like thy chastity.---
 O cursed, cursed slave!---Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!---
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
 Dead? O! O! O!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio brought in; Montano, with
 Iago prisoner; and Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet;---but that's a
 fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello wounds Iago.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
 For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
 Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
 What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
 An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Caf. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know, you
know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo ;
And here, another ; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Caf. Most heathenish, and most gross !

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff !---

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's ?

Caf. I found it in my chamber :

And he himself confess'd but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Caf. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,---
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch ; whereon it came
That I was cast : And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, --Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us :
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,---
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his : You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state---Come bring him away.

Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you go,
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that :---I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd, not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop, tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum : Set you down this :
And say, besides,---that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him---thus.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee ;---No way but
this, [Falling upon Desdemona.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ; [To Iago.
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ; --
Let it be hid.---Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you.---To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
 The time, the place, the torture,--O enforce it!
 Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]

NOTE.

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of Othello, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of Desdemona, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of Shakspeare's skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is a man not easily jealous, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him perplexed in the extreme.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misses of approbation; but the character of Iago is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their justness, but their strength. Cassio is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. Roderigo's suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of Emilia is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the scene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

Johnson.

THE
P O E M S
OF
SHAKSPEARE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

TO render this Edition a complete Collection of the WORKS of SHAKSPEARE, it has been recommended to print uniformly with his Dramatic Pieces, the genuine POEMS of this celebrated Bard.

Of the collection here presented, it is necessary to give some account :---The text of the late Edition of the Poems given by Mr. Malone has been followed; after carefully collating it with the different Collections extant.

The most considerable Poem, Venus and Adonis, was first published in 1594---quarto, although the earliest Edition to be met with is that of 1596---small octavo. The *Rape of Lucrece* was also first printed in quarto, in 1594, and afterwards republished in small octavo.

Under the quaint title of the *Passionate Pilgrim*, William Jaggard first published in 1599, a Collection of Sonnets, &c. with the initials of our Author. In this publication a sonnet beginning with, "If music and sweet poetry agree," and an ode beginning, "As it fell upon a day," (which had been printed by the same Editor in his Collection of the Poems written by Richard Birnfield) were inserted as being the production of Shakspeare; they have not, however, been admitted into this Collection.

Our Author's Sonnets, with his name, appeared in 1609---quarto. Subsequent Editions were enlarged by the interpolation of various "Translations from Ovid," which were made, and afterwards claimed by Heywood. In Jaggard's second Edition of the "*Passionate Pilgrim*," in 1612, he made free to give, as the production of Shakspeare, Marloe's

celebrated Madrigal of "Come live with me and be my love," and the Answer to it, which has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

While we have been scrupulously attentive not to admit a line as the production of our Poet, against whose authenticity any evidence could be produced, Candour compelled us to receive two Poems not to be found in Mr. Malone's Edition, but which have appeared in all the Copies since 1640. As they have not been by any Editor attributed to another hand, and seem only to have been rejected by Mr. Malone on account of their first appearing in a posthumous publication; we have not deemed that sufficient reason for considering them spurious, and have given them a place at the conclusion of the work.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
Earl of Southampton,
AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I Know not how I shall offend, in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship; nor how the world will censure me, for chusing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: Only if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first beir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE.



SHAKSPEARE's POEMS.

Venus and Adonis.

EVEN as the sun, with purple-colour'd face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd **ADONIS** hied him to the chafe:
Hunting he lov'd, but Love he laughed to scorn.
Sick-thoughted **VENUS** makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself! (thus she began)
The fields sweet flower! sweet above compare!
Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
More white and red, than doves or roses are!
Nature, that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder! to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather furnish them amid their plenty;
Making them red and pale with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The president of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls its balm;
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
Being so enrag'd, Desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain;
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire;
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimble she fastens (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.

Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, tho' not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips :
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears,
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks :
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.

He says she is immodest, blames her mis; ;
What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by faste,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff, or prey be gone :

Even so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to consent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face ;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heav'nly moisture ! Air of grace !

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net.
So fasten'd in her arms ADONIS lies :
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.

Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats :
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale.
Still he is fullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale.

Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her breast is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot chuse but love,
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears ;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in :
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger, in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn;
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She baths in water, yet in fire must burn.

Oh pity, gan she cry, flint-hearted boy!

'Tis but a kiss I beg, why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Ev'n by the stern and direful God of War,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar:

Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,

And begg'd for that, which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest;
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;

Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,

Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he, that over-rul'd, I over-sway'd;

Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain.

Strong temper'd steel, his stronger strength obey'd,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.

Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,

For mast'ring her, that foil'd the God of Fight!

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,

(Tho' mine be not so fair, yet they are red)

The kiss shall be thine own, as well, as mine:

What see'st thou on the ground? Hold up thy head:

Look in mine eye-balls, where thy beauty lies,

Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou aham'd to kiss? Then wink again,

And I will wink, so shall the day seem night,

Love keeps his revels, where there be but twain;

Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.

These blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,

Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

Thy tender spring, upon thy tempting lip,

Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;

Make use of time, let not advantage slip,

Beauty within itself would not be wasted.

Fair flowers, that are not gathered in their prime,

Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,

Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,

O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,

Thick sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice:

Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee,

But, having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow,

Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;

My beauty, as the spring, doth yearly grow;

My flesh as soft and plump, my marrow burning;

My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.

Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank, whereon I lie,
The forceless flowers, like sturdy trees, support me:
Two strengthless doves will draw me thro' the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then wooe thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom and complain of theft.

NARCISSUS so himself, himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead:
And so in sight of Death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this the love-sick Queen began to sweat,
For where they lay, the shadow had forsook them;
And TITAN, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them:
Wishing ADONIS had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by VENUS side.

And now ADONIS with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky:
Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie, no more of love,
The sun doth burn my face, I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth VENUS) young, and founkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from Heaven shines but warm,
 And, lo! I lie between the sun and thee!
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me.
 And, were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heav'nly, and this earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
 Oh! had thy mother born so bad a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss!
 Speak fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute.
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image dull and dead;
 Statue contenting but the eye alone,
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.
 Thou art no man, tho' of a man's complexion,
 For men will kiss even by their own direct on.

This said, impatience choaks her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause.
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand:
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
 Sometimes her arms enfold him like a band;
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer,
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain, or in dale.
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom grass, and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hills, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain.

Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
 No dog shall rouse thee, tho' a thousand bark.

At this ADONIS smiles, as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:

Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
 Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These loving caves, these round enchanted pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow VENUS liking:
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of Love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek, that smiles at thee with scorn.

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing:
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
 Pity she cries, some favour, some remorse;
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo! from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
 ADONIS' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
 The strong-nec'kd steed, being ty'd unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her strait goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks afunder;
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like Heaven's thunder:
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest now stands an end:
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he lend:
 His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
 Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
 As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd:
 And thus I do, to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder, that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
 His flatt'ring Holla, or his Stand, I say?
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
 He sees his love and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud fight agrees.

Look when a painter wou'd surpass the life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 His art, with Nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed:

So did his horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.
To bid the wind abase he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly they knew not whither.

For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind.
Being proud as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind.
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He veils his tail ; that like a falling plume
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent ;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goes about to take him,
When lo ! the unback'd breeder full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left ADONIS there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows, that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down ADONIS sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast.
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick love, by pleading may be blest.
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
Free vent of words Love's fire doth oft assuage :
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind ;
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O ! what a fight it was wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy ;
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
 How white and red each other did destroy !

But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him, as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels :
 His tender cheeks, receive her soft hand's print,
 As apt, as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O ! what a war of looks was then between them !
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing ;
 His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seen them ;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing ;
 And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lilly prison'd in a jail of snow ;
 Or ivory in an alabaster band,
 So white a friend ingirts so white a foe !
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Shew'd like to silver doves, that sit a billing

Once more the engine of her thoughts began,
 O fairest mover on this mortal round !
 Would thou wert as I am, and I man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound.
 For one sweet look my help I would assure thee,
 Tho' nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feel it ?
 Give me thy heart (saith she) and thou shalt have it.
 O ! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it ;
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :
 Then Love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because ADONIS' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go,
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so :
 I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies : Thy palfrey as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
 Affection is a coal, that must be cool'd ;
 Else suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire .
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;
 Therefore no marvel, tho' thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,
 Servily mastered with a leathern rein !

But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But when his glutton eyes so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight?

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy;
 Tho' I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee,
 O! learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not Love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
 My love to love, is love but to disgrace it;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but in a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth,
 The colt that's back'd, and burden'd being young,
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with ringing. Let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
 To love's alarm it will not open the gate.
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry;
 For where the heart is hard, they make no batt'ry.

What, can'st thou talk? (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?
 O! would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing.
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding!
 Earth's deep sweet music! and heart's deep fore-wounding!

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty, and invisible:
 Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part of me, that were but sensible.

Tho' neither eyes, nor ears, to hear, nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of reason were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch;
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much:

For from the stillatory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

But oh! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double-lock the door?

Lest Jealousy, that four unwelcome guest
Should by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd,
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen, and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, e'er his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down;
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her:
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breathed life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard.
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt, that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her, and she by her good will,
Would never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth;
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd.
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine:
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows repine.
But her's which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water, seen by night.

O! where am I! (quoth she) in earth, or heaven!
 Or in the ocean drench'd! or in the fire?
 What hour is this! or morn, or weary even?
 Do I delight to die? or life desire?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy:

But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me, kill me once again:
 Thy eyes, shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine
 Has taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!

O never let their crimson liv'ries wear!

And as they last, their verdure still endure,

To drive infection from the dangerous year!

That the star-gazers having writ on death,

May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips! sweet seals! in my soft lips imprinted,

What bargains may I make still to be sealing?

To sell myself, I can be well contented,

So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing:

Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,

Set thy seal manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,

And pay them at thy leisure one by one.

What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?

Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?

Say for non-payment that the debt should double?

Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair Queen (quoth he) if any love you owe me,

Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,

Before I know myself, seek not to know me,

No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;

The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,

Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter with weary gate,

His day's hot task hath ended in the west!

The owl (night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,

The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest:

The coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,

Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.

Now let me say good-night, and so say you:

If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.

Good night (quoth she) and e'er he says adieu,

The honey see of parting tend'ed is.

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace,

Incorp'rate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew

The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drowth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth:
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the prize so high,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage:
Planting Oblivion, beating Reason back;
Forgetting Shame's pure blush, and Honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling;
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with tempting
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.
Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over!
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt:
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover,
What tho' the rose have pricks; yet it is pluckt.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks thro', and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her, that he may depart.
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which by CUPID'S bow she doth protest,
He carries thence engaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tells her no, to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws,

She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lifts of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.

All is imaginary, she doth prove,
He will not manage her altho' he mount her :
That worse than TANTALUS is her annoy,
To clip ELYSIUM, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw ;
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds, that helpless berries-saw,
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be,
She hath assay'd, as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee,
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd !

Fie, fie, he says, you crush me, let me go,
You have no reason to with-hold me so.

Thou had'st been gone (quoth she) sweet boy, e'er this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar.

O ! be advis'd, thou know'st not what it is,
With javelins point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tusks never sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foe ;
His eyes, like glow worms, shine when he doth fret ;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way ;
And when he strikes, his crooked tusks slay.

His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof, than thy spears point can enter ;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed,
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.

The thorny brambles, and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him part, through whom he rushes.

Alas ! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hand, sweet lips, and chrystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at 'vantage (wondrous dread !)
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O ! let him keep his loathsome cabin still !
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?

Grew I not faint? And fell I not down right?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
 Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
 Gives false alarms, suggests mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, kill, kill.
 Distemp'ring gentle Love with his desire,
 As air and water doth abate the fire.

This four informer, this bate-breeding spy,
 This canker, that eats up Love's tender spring,
 This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
 That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth bring.
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make 'em drop with grief, and hang the head.

What should a do? seeing thee so indeed?
 That trembling at th' imagination,
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And Fear doth teach it divination.

I prophecy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare;
 Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty;
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare,
 Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath'd horte keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overlook his troubles,
 How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.

The many umfits through the which he goes,
 Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among the flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
 And sometime, where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
 And sometime forteth with a herd of deer:
 Danger deviseth shifts, Wit waits on Fear.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot-scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled,
 With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out:

Then do they spend their mouths ; Echo replies,
As if another chafe were in the skies.

By this poor WATT far off, upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear,
And now his griefs may be compared well
To one fore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way.
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For Misery is trodden on by many ;
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly and hear a little more,
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this, to that, and so, to so ;
For Love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave ? No matter where (quoth he)
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
The night is spent. Why, what of that ? (quoth she)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends.
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
In night (quoth she) Desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, Oh, then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kifs.
Rich preys make rich men thieves, so do thy lips.
Make modest DIAN cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kifs, and die forsworn.

Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,
CYNTHIA for shame obscures her silver shrine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven, that were divine.
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature ;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances, and much misery.

As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies woad,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief and damn'd despair.
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minute's sight brings beauty under :
 Both favour, favour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless Chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
 Thus on the earth would breed a scarcity,
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
 Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity,
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have.
 If thou destroy them not in their obscurity ?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself, thyself art made away,
 A mischief worse, than civil home-bred strife,
 Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
 Or butchers fire, that raves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets ;
 But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth ADON, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme ;
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream.
 For by this black-fac'd night, desires foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love hath lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there :

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, lady, no, my heart longs not to a groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone,

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?
 The path is smooth, that leadeth unto danger.
 I hate not love, but your device in love.
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase. O strange excuse !
 When Reason is the bawd to Lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurps his name ;

Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame :
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sun-shine after rain ;
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun :
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain ;
 Lust's winter comes, e'er summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not ; Lust like a glutton dies :
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green :
 Therefore in sadness now I will away,
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton calls attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms, which bound him to her breast :
 And homeward thro' the dark lanes runs apace,
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from VENUS' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend :
 So did the merciless and pitchy night,
 Fold in the object, that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood ;
 Or astonish'd, as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood :
 E'en so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans :
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
 Ay me ! she cries, and twenty times, Woe ! Woe !
 And twenty echo's twenty times cry so.

She-marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty :
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish witty.
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in Woe !
 And still the choir of echo's answers so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, tho' seeming short :
 If pleas'd themselves, others they think delight
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport.

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites?
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.

She said, 'tis so: They answer all, 'tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty:

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

VENUS salutes him with this fair good-morrow;
O! thou dear god, and patron of all light!
From whom each lamp, and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence, that makes him bright:
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasted to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn,
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch-doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder.
E'en so the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her senses, and her sp'rits confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud;
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy* to be so curst,
They all strain curt'sy, who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Thro' which it enters, to surprize her heart;
Who overcome by doubt, and bloodless fear,
With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,
 Till cheering up her senses fore dismay'd,
 She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error, that they are afraid;
 Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:
 And with that word, she spy'd the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear thro' all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her, she knows not whither.
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,
 She treads the path that she untreads again;
 Her more than haste is marred with delays:
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
 Full of respect, yet not at all respecting;
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds an hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster:
 And here she meets another sadly scolding,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner black and grim,
 Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
 Another, and another, answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look! how the world's poor people are amaz'd
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies;
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
 So she, at these sad signs, draws up her breath,
 And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love (thus chides she Death)
 Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean?
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath?
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, O no! it cannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it.
 O! yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart,
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Had'st thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.

The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower;
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's ebon-dart to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes, that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She veil'd her eye-lids, which like sluices stoppt
 The crystal tide, that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt.
 But thro' the flood gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend, and borrow!
 Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eyes:
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry.
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain;
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
 As striving which should best become her grief:
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief.
 But none is best, then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollow:
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.
 The dire imagination she did follow,
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell:
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her, it is ADONIS' voice,

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass:
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd,

O hard-believing love! how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
 Thy weal and woe, are both of them extremes,
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous!
 The one doth flatter thee, in thoughts unlikely,
 With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought.
 ADONIS lives, and Death is not to blame;
 It was not she that call'd him all to nought,
 Now she adds honour to his hateful name:
 She 'cleeps him king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperial supreme of mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death! I did but jest;
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear;
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe.

Then, gentle shadow! (truth I must confess)

I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue:

Be wreak'd on him (invisible commander!)

'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,

I did but act, he's author of thy slander.

Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet

Could rule them both without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that ADONIS is alive,

Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;

And that his beauty may the better thrive,

With Death she humbly doth insinuate:

Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs and stories,

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove! quoth she, how much a fool was I,

To be of such a weak and silly mind?

To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,

Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,

And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fye! fye! fond love, thou art so full of fear,

As one with treasures laden, hem'd with thieves:

Trifles (unwitnessed with eye, or ear)

Thy coward heart, with false bethinking grieves.

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,

Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies:

The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,

And in her haste unfortunately spies

The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight,

Which seen, her eyes as murder'd with the view,

Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,

Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,

And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,

Long after fearing to creep forth again:

So at his bloody view her eyes are fled;

Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they resign'd their office and their light

To the disposing of her troubled brain:

Who bids them still consort with ugly night,

And never wound the heart with looks again:

Who like a king perplexed in his throne,

By their suggestions gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes,

As when the wind imprison'd in the ground,

Stuggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's minds confound,
This mutiny each part doth so surprize,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes.

And, being open'd threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor VENUS noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, faintly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

Her voice is stop'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly
That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two ADONS dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's-lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
But true sweet beauty liv'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear:
Nor sun, nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.
But when ADONIS liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

And therefore wou'd he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun wou'd peep;
The wind wou'd blow it off, and being gone
Play with his locks, then wou'd ADONIS weep:
And strait in pity of his tender years,
They both wou'd strive who first shou'd dry his tears.

To see his face the lion walks along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tyger wou'd be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf wou'd leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in a brook,
 Three fishes spread on it their golden gills :
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some others in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries ;
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
 Witness the entertainment that he gave.

If he did see his face, why then I know,
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, true, true, thus was ADONIS slain,
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who wou'd not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there :

And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd unaware his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
 With kissing him, I should have kill'd him first.
 But he is dead, and never did he bless

My mouth with his ; the more am I accurs'd.

With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
 As if he heard the woful words she told :

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo ! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies.

Two glasses where herself, herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excel'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect.

Wonder of time ! (quoth she) this is my spight,
 That, you being dead, the day shou'd yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
 Sorrow, on love, hereafter shall attend ;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Finding sweet beginning, but unfavoury end,
 Ne'er settled equally too high, or low ;
 That all Love's pleasures shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 And shall be blasted in a breathing-while,
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
 With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile.
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet.

It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.
 It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
 It shall be merciful and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just:
 Perverse it shall be when it seems most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.
 It shall be the cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissention 'twixt the son and fire,
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire.
 Sith in his prime, Death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.
 By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up chequer'd with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.
 She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her ADONIS' breath:
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is rest from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.
 Poor flower! (quoth she) this was thy father's guise,
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire)
 For every little grief to wet his eyes,
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine; but know it is as good
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.
 Here was thy father's bed, here is my breast,
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right;
 Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
 There shall not be one minute of an hour.
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.
 Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid,
 Their mistress mounted, thro' the empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
Earl of Southampton,
AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship, is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assur'd of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should shew greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship: To whom I wish long life, still lengthen'd with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE.



THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride furnished *Superbus*) after he had caus'd his father-in-law, *Servius Tullius* to be cruelly murder'd, and contrary to the *Roman* laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possess'd himself of the kingdom; went, accompany'd with his sons, and other noblemen of *Rome*, to besiege *Ardea*. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of *Sextus Tarquinius*, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom *Colatinus* extoll'd the incomparable chastity of his wife *Lucrece*. In that pleasant humour they all posted to *Rome*; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouch'd, only *Colatinus* finds his wife, (tho' it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded *Colatinus* the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, *Sextus Tarquinius* being inflam'd with *Lucrece's* beauty, yet smothering his passion for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his state) royally entertain'd, and lodg'd by *Lucrece* at *Colatium*. The same night, he treacherously stealing into her chamber, violently ravish'd her; and early in the morning speeded away. *Lucrece*, in this lamentable plight, hastily

dispatcheth messengers, one to *Rome* for her father, another to the camp for *Colatine*. They came, the one accompany'd with *Junius Brutus*, the other with *Publius Valerius*: and finding *Lucrece* attir'd in a mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She first taking an oath of them for her revenge, reveal'd the actor, and whole matter of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabb'd herself. Which done with one consent, they all vow'd to root out the whole hated family of the *Tarquins*: And bearing the dead body to *Rome*, *Brutus* acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed; with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; where-with the people were so mov'd, that with one consent, and a general acclamation, the *Tarquins* were all exil'd, and the state-government chang'd, from kings, to consuls.

Tarquin and Lucrece.

FROM the besieg'd Ardea all in post,
Born by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathing TARQUIN leaves the Roman host,
And to Colatium bears the lightless fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the waste
Of COLATINE's fair love, LUCRECE the chaste.

Haply that name of Chaste unhaply set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite :
When COLATINE unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white ;
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;
Where mortal star, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in TARQUIN's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state :
What prizeless wealth the heavens had him lent,
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame.
But king, nor prince to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done !
As is the mornings silver melting dew,
Against the golden splendor of the sun :
A date expir'd and cancell'd e'er begun.
Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortrest from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth oft itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator :
What needed then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is COLATINE the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish cares, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of LUCRECE' sov'reignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;

For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
 Perchance, that envy of so rich a thing
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitcht thoughts, that meaner men should vast
 The golden hap, which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all too timeles's speed, if none of those.
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.
 O! rash false heat wrapt in repentant cold!
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Colatium this false lord arriv'd,
 Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face, Beauty and Virtue striv'd,
 Which of them both should underprop her fame;
 When Virtue brag'd, Beauty would blush for shame;
 When Beauty boasted blushes in despiight
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But Beauty, in that white intituled,
 From VENUS' doves, doth challenge that fair field;
 Then Virtue claims from Beauty Beauty's red,
 Which Virtue gave the golden age to guild
 Her silver cheeks, and call'd it then her shield;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
 When Shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in LUCRECE' face was seen,
 Argu'd by Beauty's red and Virtue's white;
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right;
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
 The sov'reignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lillies and of roses,
 Which TARQUIN view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloses,
 Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph o'er so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
 The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her so,
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show
 Therefore that praise which COLATINE doth owe,
 Enchanted TARQUIN answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspected the false worshipper.
 'For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream of evil,
 'Birds never lim'd, no secret bushes fear:'
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,

And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm exprest.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty,
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye:
Which having all, all could not satisfy;
But poorly rich so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger-eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks;
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks:
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises COLATINE's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth exprest,
And wordless, so greets heav'n for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there;
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,
Till sable night, sad source of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is TARQUIN brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sprite;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest LUCRECE, and wore out the night.
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake;
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which, doth TARQUIN lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining,
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Tho' weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffick oft for gaining:
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Tho' death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,
That oft they have not that, which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more, they have but less;
Or gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor, rich, gain.

The aim of all, is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease in waining age:
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage:
 As life for honour in fell battles rage,
 Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and altogether'lost.

So that in venturing all, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect:
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect

The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
 Make something, nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting TARQUIN make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust:
 And for himself, himself he must forsake;
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
 To stand'rous tongues the wretched hateful lays?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls, and wolves death boding cries?
 Now serves the season, that they may surprize
 The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still
 Whilst lust and murder wakes to stain, and kill.

And now this lustful Lord leapt from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
 Is madly tost between Desire and Dread:
 Th' one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm:
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with Lust's foul charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His fauchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire doth fly,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be load-star to his lustful eye,
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly;
 'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 'So LUCRECE must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise;
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise:
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still slaughter'd lust,
 And justly thus controuls his thoughts unjust.

'Fair torch burn out thy light, and lend it not
 'To darken her, whose light excelleth thine:

- ‘ And die unhallow’d thoughts, before you blot
- ‘ With your uncleanness, that which is divine.
- ‘ Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
- ‘ Let fair Humanity abhor the deed,
- ‘ That spots and stains Love’s modest snow white weed.
- ‘ O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms !
- ‘ O foul dishonour to my household’s grave :
- ‘ O impious act, including all foul harms
- ‘ A martial man to be soft Fancy’s slave !
- ‘ True valour still a true respect should have.
- ‘ Then my digression is so vile, so base,
- ‘ That it will live engraven in my face.
- ‘ Yes, tho’ I die, the scandal will survive,
- ‘ And be an eye-sore in my golden coat :
- ‘ Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
- ‘ To cipher me how fondly I did dote :
- ‘ That my posterity shamed with the note,
- ‘ Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
- ‘ To wish that I their father had not been.
- ‘ What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
- ‘ A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
- ‘ Who buys a minute’s mirth, to wail a week ?
- ‘ Or sells eterniry, to get a toy ?
- ‘ For one sweet grape, who will the vine destroy ?
- ‘ Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
- ‘ Would with the scepter strait be stricken down ?
- ‘ If COLATINUS dream of my intent,
- ‘ Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
- ‘ Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
- ‘ This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
- ‘ This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
- ‘ This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
- ‘ Whose crime will bear an ever during blame.
- ‘ O what excuse can my invention make,
- ‘ When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed !
- ‘ Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?
- ‘ Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed ?
- ‘ The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed,
- ‘ And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
- ‘ But coward-like with trembling terror die.
- ‘ Had COLATINUS kill’d my son or fire,
- ‘ Or lain in ambush to betray my life ;
- ‘ Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
- ‘ Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
- ‘ As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
- ‘ But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
- ‘ The shame and fault finds no excuse, nor end.
- ‘ Shameful it is, if once the fact be known ;
- ‘ Hateful it is ; there is no hate in loving.
- ‘ I’ll beg her love ; but she is not her own

'The worst is but denial, and reproving.
 'My will is strong, past Reason's weak removing.
 'Who fears a sentence, or an old man's faw,
 'Shall by a painted cloath be kept in awe.'

Thus (graceless) holds he disputation,
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will;
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worse sense for vantage still;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some bad news from the wailike band,
 Where her beloved COLATINUS lies,
 O how her fear did make her colour rise!
 First, red as roses, that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,
 Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear:
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had NARCISSUS seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour, or excuses?
 All orators are dumb, when beauty pleads.
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
 Love thrives not in the heart, that shadows dreads.
 Affection is my captain, and he leads;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish Fear avant! Debating die!
 Respect and Reason wait on wrinkled age!
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye,
 Sad p use, and deep regard befits the sage;
 My part is youth, and beats them from the stage.
 Desire my pilot is, Beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful Fear
 Is almost choak'd by unresisted Lust.
 Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust:
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image fits,
 And in the self-same seat fits COLATINE:
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline:

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute, than they owe.
By reprobate Desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord doth march to LUCRECE' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, recites his ward ;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
Night-wand'ring weazles shriek to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Thro' little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoak of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.
But his hot heart, which fond Desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light he spies
LUCRETIA's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks :
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste,
Thou seest our mistrefs' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars, which stop the hourly dial ;
Which with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts, that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing,
Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands, the R
The merchant fears, e'er rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought ;
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited th' Eternal Power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair Fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour ;
 Even there he starts, quoth he, I must deslour !

The Powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act ?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide,
 My will is back'd with resolution :
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be try'd,
 Black sin is clear'd with absolution ;
 Against Love's fire, Fear's frost hath dissolution.

The eye of Heaven is out, and misty night
 Covers the shame, that follows sweet delight.

This said, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide ;
 The dove sleeps fast ! that this night owl will catch :
 Thus treason works e'er traitors be espy'd,
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;
 But she sound-sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed :
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
 By their high treason in his heart misled ;
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand too soon,
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair, and fiery-pointed sun,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
 Even so the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame suppos'd ;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves inclos'd.

O had they in that darksome prison died !
 Then had they seen the period of their ill ;
 Then COLATINE again by LUCRECE' side,
 In his clear bed might have reposed still.
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
 And holy thoughted LUCRECE, to their sight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lilly hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
 Which therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
 Between whose hills, her head entomb'd is ;
 Where like a virtuous monument she lies,
 To be admir'd of lew'd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet, whose perfect white

Shew'd like an April daizy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light,
 And canopy'd in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her breath;
 O modest wantons ! wanton Modesty !
 Shewing Life's triumph in the map of Death,
 And Death's dim look in Life's mortality.
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that Life liv'd in Death, and Death in Life.

Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
 Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truly honoured.
 These worlds in TARQUIN, new ambition bred,
 Who like a foul usurper went about,
 From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?
 What did he note, but strongly he desir'd ?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye hetir'd.
 With more than admiration he admir'd
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfy'd:
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth TARQUIN stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualify'd
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,
 His eye which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
 Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.

Anon his beating heart alarm striking,
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye ;
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
 On her bare breasts, the heart of all her land ;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They must'ring to the quiet cabinet,
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,

Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries.
 She much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes;
 Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controul'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
 Forth from dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking,
 What terror 'tis? but she in worser taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view.
 The sight, which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies :
 She dares not look, yet winking there appear
 Quick-shifting anticks ugly in her eyes,
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
 Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
 (Rude ram! to batter such an ivory wall)
 May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distressed,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up, and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 The reason of this alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face,
 That even for anger makes the lilly pale,
 And the red-rose blush at her own disgrace,
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to hide:
 Thy beauty hath insnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide;
 My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might.
 But as reproof and Reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempts will bring;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends;

I think the honey guarded with a sting.
 All this before-hand counsel comprehends;
 But Will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
 But nothing can affection's course controul,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears insue the deed,
 Reproach, Disdain, and deadly Enmity;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wing shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies:
 So under his insulting fauchion lies
 Harmless LUCRETIA, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowls hear falcon's bells.

LUCRECE, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee,
 If thou deny, then force must work my way;
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blur'd with nameless bastardy;
 And thou the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespasses cited up in rhimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy sacred friend,
 The fault unknown is, as a thought enacted;
 A little harm done to a great good end
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In purest compounds; being so apply'd,
 His venom in effect is purify'd.

Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit, bequeath not to their lot
 The shame, that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot,
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
 For marks describ'd in mens nativity,
 Are Nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;

While she, the picture of true Piety,
 Like a white hind beneath the Gripe's sharp claws,
 Pleads in a wilderness; where are no laws,
 To the rough beast, that knows no gentle right.
 Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

As when a black-fac'd cloud the world does threat,
 In his dim mist th' aspiring mountain hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gulf does get,
 Which blow these pitchy vapours from their bidding,
 Hindring their present fall by this dividing.
 So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody PLUTO winks while ORPHEUS plays.

Like foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
 A swa'lowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth,
 His ear her prayer admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining;
 Tears harden Lust, tho' marble wear with raining:

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face:
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace,
 She puts the period often from his place.
 And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That 'twice she doth begin, e'er once she speaks.

She conjures him, by high Almighty Jove;
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath;
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love;
 By holy human law, and common troth;
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both:
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended.
 He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me:
 Thyself art mighty, for thy own sake leave me:
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;
 Thou look'st not like Deceit, do not deceive me;
 My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
 If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,

To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert,
 O! if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
 Soft Pity enters at an iron gate.

In TARQUIN's likeness I did entertain thee,
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me;
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his Princely name:
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
 For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king?
 O! be remembred, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away,
 Then kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only lov'd for fear,
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove.
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn!
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame?
 To privilege dishonour in thy name,
 Thou back'st Reproach against long living Laud,
 And mak'st fair Reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou commanded? by him that gave it thee
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how can'st thou fulfil,
 When pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way.

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
 To view thy present trespass in another:
 Mens faults do seldom to themselves appear,
 Their own transgressions partially they smother:
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
 O! how are they wrapt in with infamies,
 That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!
 To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing Lust's outrageous fire;

I sue for exil'd Majesty's repeal,
 Let him return and flattering thoughts retire.
 His true respect will prison false Desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doating eyne,
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he, my uncontrouled tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let ;
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
 And with the wind in greater fury fret :
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign with their fresh false haste,
 Add to his flow, but alter not the taste.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a sovereign king,
 And lo ! there falls into thy boundless flood
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 If all these petty ills should change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddle womb is burs'd,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave :
 Thou loathed in thy shame, they in thy pride ;
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts low vassals to thy state.---
 No more, (quoth he,) by heav'n I will not hear thee :
 Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
 Instead of Love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee :
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf has seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controul'd,
 Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears,
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O that foul lust should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof, could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again ;

This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain.

Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust the thief far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight :
 So surfeit-taking TARQUIN fears this night ;
 His taste delicious in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O ! deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt
 E'er he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble Desire all recreant, poor and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case ;
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace.
 For there it revels, and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That thro' the length of time he stands disgrac'd :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual :
 Which in her prescience she controul'd still,
 But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

E'en in this thought thro' the dark night he stealeth,
 A captive victor, that hath lost in gain :
 Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain :
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.
 He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
 She like a weary'd lamb lies panting there :

He scolds and hates himself for his offence,
 She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear :
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;
 She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
 He runs and chides his vanish'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;
 She there remains a hopeless cast away :
 He in his speed looks for the morning-light ;
 She prays she never may behold the day :
 For day, (quoth she) night-scapes doth open lay ;
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace, which they themselves behold ;
 And therefore would they still in darkness lie,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold.
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon their cheeks what helpless shame they feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind :
 She wakes her heart, by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest to clove so pure a mind.
 Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her spight,
 Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort killing night ! Image of hell !
 Dim register ! and notary of shame !
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
 Vast sin-concealing chaos ! Nurse of blame !
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour of defame !
 Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator
 With close-tongued Treason, and the ravisher !

O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night !
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time ;
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
 His wonted height, yet e'er he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air,
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,
 E'er he arrive his weary noon tide prick :
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
 That in their smoaky ranks his smother'd light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were TARQUIN night, as he is but Night's child,
 The silver-shining queen him would disdain ;
 Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
 Thro' Night's black bosom should not peep again,
 So should I have co-partners in my pain :

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers that make short their pilgrimage.

Where now? have I no one to blush with me?
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine;
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy:
But I alone, alone must sit and pine;
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine:
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O Night! thou furnace of foul-recking smoke!
Let not the jealous Day behold that face,
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace.
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
The light shall shew character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet Chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
Yea the illiterate, that know not how
To cypher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with TARQUIN's name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to TARQUIN's shame.
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How TARQUIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For COLATINE's dear love be kept unspotted;
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted.
That is as clear from this attain't of mine,
As I, e'er this, was pure to COLATINE.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unselt'fore! crest-wounding private scar!
Reproach is stamp't in COLATINUS' face,
And TARQUIN's eye may read the mote afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows?

If, COLATINE, thine honour lay in me,
From me, by strong assault it is bereft:
My honey lost, and I a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him.
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd for evil!
 When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
 Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrows nests?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?

But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful fits;
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold:
 Put still like pining TANTALUS he sits,
 And useless bans the harvest of his wits.

Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment, that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursed, blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
 E'en in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
 The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing;
 What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
 We have no good, that we can say is ours;
 But ill-annexed opportunity,
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O! OPPORTUNITY! thy guilt is great;
 'Tis thou, that execut'st the traitor's treason:
 Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season:
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy her,
 Sits Sin to seize the souls, that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd:
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
 Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd!
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:

Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief!
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame;
 Thy private feasting to a public fast;

Thy smothering titles to a ragged name;
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter worm-wood taste:
 Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
 When wilt thou fort an hour great strifes to end?
 Or free that soul, which wretchedness hath chain'd?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee?
 But they ne'er met with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines while the oppresser feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder rages;
 Thy heinous hours wait on them, as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
 They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
 He GRATIS comes, and thou art well apaid,
 As well to hear, as grant what he hath said:

My COLATINE would else have come to me,
 When TARQUIN did; but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder, and of theft;

Guilty of perjury and subornation;

Guilty of treason, forgery and shift;

Guilty of incest, that abomination;

An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,

From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen TIME, copestmate of ugly Night;

Swift subtil post, carrier of grisly Care;

Eater of youth, false slave to false delight;

Base watch of woes, Sin's pack horse, Virtue's snare;

Thou nurdest all, and murderest all that are.

O! hear me then, injurious shifting Time!

Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant OPPORTUNITY

Betray'd the hours, thou gav'st me to repose?

Cancel'd my fortunes, and inchained me

To endless date of never-ending woes?

Time's office is to find the hate of foes,

To eat up Error by Opinion bred;

Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;

To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light;

To stamp the seal of Time on aged things;

To wake the morn, and centinel the night;
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
 To feed Oblivion with decay of things;
 To blot old books, and alter their contents;
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens wings;
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter;
 To make the child a man, the man a child;
 To slay the tyger, that doth live by slaughter;
 To tame the unicorn, and lion wild;
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd;
 To chear the plowman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
 One poor retiring minute in an age,
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends;
 Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.

O! this dread night! wouldst thou one hour come back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun this wreck.

Thou ceaseless lacky to eternity,
 With some mischance cross TARQUIN in his flight;
 Devise extremes beyond extremity,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances;
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans:
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
 To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
 Stone him with harden'd hearts harder than stones;
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness;
 Wilder to him than tygers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair;
 Let him have time against himself to rave;
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair;
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave;
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
 And time to see one, that by alms does live,
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools, to mock at him resort:
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes,
 In time of sorrow; and how swift and short
 His time of folly, and his time of sport;

And ever let his unrecalling time
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

O! Time! thou tutor both to good, and bad!
Teach me to curse him, that thou taught'st this ill;
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill:
For who so base would such an office have,
As slanderous deaths-man to so base a slave?

The baser is he coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honour'd or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is mist;
But little stars may hide them, when they list.

The crow may bathe his cole-back wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless Night, Kings glorious Day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Oh! idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate, where leisure serves, with dull debators:
To trembling clients be their mediators:
For me I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past all help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at TARQUIN, and unsearchful Night!
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despight:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

Poor hand! why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame:
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself, and her for yielding so.

This said, from her betumbled couch she starts,
To find some desperate instrument of death;
But this no slaughter-house, no tool imparts,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging thro' her lips so vanisheth,
As smoke from *ÆTNA*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain (quoth she) I live, and seek in vain
 Some happy mean to end a hapless life :
 I fear'd by TARQUIN's sauchion to be slain ;
 Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :
 But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife ;

So am I now : Oh no ! that cannot be ;

Of that true type hath TARQUIN rifled me.

Oh ! that is gone, for which I fought to live,
 And therefore now I need not fear to die ;
 To clear this spot by death (at least) I give
 A badge of fame to Slander's livery,
 A dying life to living infamy.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,

To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

Well, well, dear COLATINE ! thou shalt not know
 The stained taste of violated troth ;

I will not wrong thy true affection so,

To flatter thee with an infringed oath :

This bastard grafs shall never come to growth.

He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,

That thou art doating father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,

Nor laugh with his companions at thy state :

But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought

Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate,

And with my trespasses never will dispense,

Till life to death acquit my first offence.

I will not poison thee with my attainst,

Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses ;

My fable ground of sin I will not paint,

To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :

My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,

As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,

Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this lamenting PHILOMEL had ended

The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow ;

And solemn night with slow sad gate descended

To ugly hell ; when lo ! the blushing morrow

Lends light to all fair eyes, that light would borrow :

But cloudy LUCRECE shames herself to see,

And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,

And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;

To whom she sobbing speaks, O ! eye of eyes !

Why pry'st thou thro' my window ! Leave thy peeping,

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping.

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light ;

For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.

True grief is fond, and testy as a child,

Who way-ward once, his mood with naught agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she deep-trenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views ;
And to herself all sorrow doth compare,
No object but her passions strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.
Sometimes her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds, that tune their Mornings joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with Grief's society.
True sorrow then is feelingly surpriz'd,
When with like Semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more ;
Great Grief grieves most at that will do it good ;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Which being stopt, the bounding banks o'erflows :
Grief dallied with, nor law, nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes intomb
Whithin your hollow swelling feather'd breasts ;
And in my hearing be you ever dumb ;
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests :
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears,
Distress likes Dumps, when time is kept with tears.

Come PHILOMEL that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair :
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain my tear,
And with deep groans the DIAPASON bear.

For burden-wise I'll hum on TARQUIN still,
While thou on TEREUS descant'st better skill.
And while against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking ; wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
Who if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.
And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold ;
Some dark deep desert seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,

We will find out ; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds :
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.
 As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly ;
 Or one incompast with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily :
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die, which of the twain were better,
 When Life is sham'd, and Death reproaches debtor.
 To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
 Who having two sweet babes, when Death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
 When the one pure, the other made divine ?
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
 When both were kept from heaven, and COLATINE ?
 Ay me ! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
 So must my soul, her bark being peal'd away.
 Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted ;
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly ingirt with daring infamy.
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
 Thro' which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my COLATINE
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 Revenge on him, that made me stop my breath.
 My stained blood to TARQUIN I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
 And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,
 That wounds my body so dishonoured :
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
 The one will live, the other being dead :
 So of Shame's ashes shall my fame be bred.
 For in my death I murder shameful Scorn ;
 My shame so dead, my honour is new born.

Dear Lord of that dear jewel I have lost !
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be :
 How TARQUIN must be us'd, read it in mine.

Myself thy friend, will kill myself thy foe;
And for my sake serve thou false TARQUIN so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies, and ground;
My resolution (husband) do you take;
My honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his, that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

When COLATINE shall oversee this will,
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it?
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, so be it;
Yield to my hand, and that shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, that dies, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes;
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd Duty with Thought's feathers flies,
Poor LUCRECE' cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meads, when sun does melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true marks of modesty;
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why, her face wore Sorrow's livery)
But durst not ask of her audaciously,
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so;
Nor why her fair cheeks over wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye:
E'en so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky;
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at other smarts;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore they are form'd as marble will:
The weak oppress, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill;
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like an even champain plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep.
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove remain
 Cave-keeping evils, that obscurely sleep;
 Thro' chrystal walls each little mote will peep.
 Tho' men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor womens faces are their own faults books.

No man inveighs against the wither'd flower,
 But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd:
 Not that's devour'd, but that, which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame: O let it not be held
 Poor womens faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With mens abuses; those proud lords to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in LUCRECE view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death and shame that might ensue,
 By that her death to do her husband wrong;
 Such danger to resistance did belong,
 The dying fear thro' all her body spread,
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this mild patience did fair LUCRECE speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining.
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;
 If tears cou'd help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went (and there she staid,
 Till after a deep groan) TARQUIN from hence?
 Madam, e'er I was up (reply'd the maid)
 The more to blame my sluggish negligence:
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
 Myself was stirring e'er the break of day,
 And e'er I rose was TARQUIN gone away.

But Lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.
 O peace! (quoth LUCRECE) if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it less:
 For more it is than I can well express:
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt, than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here:
 (What should I say?) one of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear
 A letter to my Lord, my love, my dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill;

Conceit and Grief an eager combat fight,
 What Wit sers down is blotted still with Will;
 'This is too curious good, this blunt and ill :
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: Thou, worthy Lord
 Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee ;
 Health to thy person, next vouchsafe t' afford
 (If ever, love, thy LUCRECE thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come, and visit me.
 So I commend me from our house in grief ;
 My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly ;
 By this short schedule COLATINE may know
 Her grief but not her grief's true quality ;
 She dares not therefore make discovery.
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 E'er she with blood had stain'd her strain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hords, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion, which the world might bear her :
 To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
 With words, till actions might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more, than hear them told ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion, that it doth behold :
 When every part a part of Woe doth bear,
 'Tis but a part of Sorrow that we hear.
 Deep sounds make lesser noise, than shallow fords ;
 And Sorrow ebbs begin blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ,
 At ARDEA to my lord with more than haste ;
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as fast,
 As lagging souls before the northern blast.
 Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems ;
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
 And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
 Receives the scroll without or Yea, or No,
 For outward bashful innocence doth flie.
 But they, whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
 For LUCRECE thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom (God wot) it was defect
 Of Spirit, Life, and bold Audacity ;
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect

To talk in deeds, while others faucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :

Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.

She thought he blush'd as knowing TARQUIN's lust,
 And blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :

The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone ;

The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan ;
 So Woe hath wearied Woe, Moan tired Moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skillful painting made for PRIAM's TROY ;
 Before the which is drawn the power of GREECE,
 For HELEN's rape the city to destroy,
 Threatning cloud-kissing ILION with annoy ;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, Art gave lifeless life :
 Many a dire drop seem'd a weeping tear
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife.
 The red blood reek'd to shew the painter's strife,
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Pegrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
 And from the towers of TROY there wou'd appear
 The very eyes of men thro' loop holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the GREEKS with little lust.

Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty
 You might behold triumphing in their faces :
 In youth quick-bearing and dexterity :
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces ;
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one wou'd swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In AJAX, and ULYSSES, O ! what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold !
 The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;
 Their face, their manners most expressly told.
 In AJAX' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd.

But the mild glance that she ULYSSES lent,
Shew'd deep regard, and smiling government.

There pleading might you see brave NESTOR stand,
As 'twere encouraging the GREEKS to fight,
Making such sober actions with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the fight :
In speech it seem'd, his beard all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
All jointly listning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice ;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice.
The scalps of many almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the maid.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
Here one being throng'd bears back all swollen and red ;
Another smother'd, seems to pelt and swear ;
And in their rage, (such signs of rage they bear,)
As but for loss of NESTOR's golden words,
It seems they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact so kind,
That for ACHILLES' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand, himself behind
Was left unseen save in the eye of mind ;
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged TROY,
When their brave Hope, bold HECTOR, march'd to field ;
Stood many TROJAN mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
And to their Hope they such odd action yield,
That thro' their light joy seem'd to appear,
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the Strand of DARDAN, where they fought,
To SIMOIS' reedy banks, the red blood ran ;
Whose waves to imitate the battle fought
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at SIMOIS' banks.

To this well-painted piece is LUCRECE come
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing HECUBA beheld,
Staring on PRIAM's wounds with her old eyes,
Who bleeding under PYRRHUS' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, Beauty's wrack, and grim Care's reign ;
 Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguis'd ;
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain ;
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein.

Wanting the spring, that those shrunk pipes had fed,
 Shew'd Life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow LUCRECE spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes ;
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.

The painter was no God to lend her those ;

And therefore LUCRECE swears he did hear wrong,
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument (quoth she) without a sound !

I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;
 And drop sweet balm in PRIAM's painted wound,
 And rail on PYRRHUS, that hath done him wrong,
 And with my tears quench TROY, that burns so long ;
 And with thy knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the GREEKS, that are thine enemies.

Shew me this strumpet, that began this stir,

That with my nails her beauty I may tear.

Thy heat of lust, fond PARIS, did incur

This load of wrath, that burning TROY did bear ;

Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here :

And here in TROY, for trespass of thine eye,

The fire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one

Become the public plague of many more ?

Let sin alone committed, light alone

Upon his head, that hath transgressed so.

Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.

For one's offence why should so many fall,

To plague a private sin in general ?

Lo ! here weeps HECUBA, here PRIAM dies !

Here manly HECTOR faints, here TROILUS sounds !

Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies !

And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds !

And one man's lust these many lives confounds !

Had doting PRIAM check'd his son's desire,

TROY had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps TROY's painted woes

For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,

Once set a ringing, with his own weight goes ;

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.

So LUCRECE set awork, sad tales doth tell

To pencil'd Pensiveness, and colour'd Sorrow ;

She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painted round,

And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.

At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to PHRYGIAN shepherds lent;
 His face, tho' full of cares, yet shew'd content.
 Onward to TROY with these blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show,
 An humble gate, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
 Cheeks, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so,
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale, the fair that false hearts have.

But like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just;
 And therein so inscon'd this secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
 False creeping Craft and Perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
 Or blot with hell-born Sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd woman this wild image drew
 For perjurd SINON, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old PRIAM after flew;
 Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory
 Of rich-built ILION, that the skies were sorry.
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill:
 Saying, some shape in SINON's was abus'd,
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill.
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes, the picture was belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
 She would have said, can lurk in such a look;
 But TARQUIN's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, took;
 It cannot be, she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus, It cannot be I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind.

For e'en as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober sad, so weary and so mild,
 (As if with grief or travel he had fainted)
 To me came TARQUIN armed, so beguil'd
 With outward honesty, but yet desil'd
 With inward vice: as PRIAM him did cherish,
 So did I TARQUIN, so my Troy did perish.

Look, look how list'ning PRIAM wets his eyes
 To see those borrow'd tears, that SINON sheds!
 PRIAM, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
 For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds:

His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.

Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For *SINON* in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:

So *PRIAM*'s trust false *SINON*'s tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here all enrag'd such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast;
She tears the senseless *SINON* with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose deed hath made herself, herself detest.

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er,
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be fore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And Time doth weary Time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time seems long, in Sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Tho' Woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see Time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath over-slipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shews of discontent.

It easeth some, tho' none it ever cur'd.
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord, and other company;
Who finds his *LUCRECE* clad in mourning black,
And round-about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.

These watergalls in her dim element,
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:

Her eyes, tho' sod in tears, look red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He has no power to ask her how she fares;

But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wond'ring each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love! what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?

Unmask, dear Dear! this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;

While COLATINE and his comforted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her wat'ry nest,
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending;
In me more woes than words are now depending:
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say;
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy LUCRECE is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd; Awake, thou ROMAN dame!
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict;
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will;
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust; and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he sets his sword;
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record;
And never be forgot in mighty ROME
Th' adult'rate death of LUCRECE and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
(And far the weaker with so strong a fear)
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak:
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear.

That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least this refuge let me find;
Tho' my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind:
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings; but still pure,
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As thro' an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the EDDY boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor She attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh;
Dear lord! thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power, no flood my raining slacketh;
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful; let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy LUCRECE---now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late; yet let the traitor die;
For sparing Justice feeds Iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with COLATINE)
Shall plight your honorable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase Injustice with revengeful arms;
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd:
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak! quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of my offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map, which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune carv'd in it with tears.
No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth TARQUIN's name. HE, HE, she says:
But more than HE her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, He, he, fair lord, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd;
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged spirit, and thro' her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood COLATINE and all his lordly crew,
Till LUCRECE' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw:
And from the purple fountain BRUTUS drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase.

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late sack'd island vastly stood,
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false TARQUIN stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place;
And ever since, as pitying LUCRECE' woes,
Corrupted blood some wat'ry token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter! dear Daughter! old LUCRETIVS cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd;

If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now LUCRECE is unliv'd?
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
 If children pre-decease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass! I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
 Shews me a bare-bon'd Death by time out-worn.
 O! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O Time! cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
 If thou surcease to be, that should survive:
 Shall rotten Death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the fault'ring feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
 Then live sweet LUCRECE, live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy FATHER thee.

By this starts COLATINE as from a dream,
 And bids LUCRETIVS give his sorrow place;
 And then in key-cold LUCRECE' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue:
 Who mad that sorrow should his use controul,
 Or keep him from heart easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but thro' his lips doth throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometimes TARQUIN was pronounced plain,
 But thro' his teeth, as if his name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blew up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more.
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter, or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his;
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, she's mine; O mine she is,
 Replies her husband; do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say,
 He weeps for her; for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by COLATINE.

O! quoth LUCRETIVS, I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
 Woe! woe! quoth COLATINE, she was my wife,

I own'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
 MY DAUGHTER and MY WIFE with clamours fill'd
 The dispeft air, who holding LUCRECE' life,
 Answer'd their cries, MY DAUGHTER and MY WIFE.

BRUTUS who pluck'd the knife from LUCRECE' fide,
 Seeing fuch emulation in their woe,
 Began to cloath his wit in ftate and pride,
 Burying in LUCRECE' wound his folly's fhew :
 He with the ROMANS was eftimated fo,
 As filly-jeering IDEOTS are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolifh things.

But now he throws that fhallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him difguife ;
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advifedly,
 To check the tears in COLATINUS' eyes.
 Thou wronged lord of ROME, quoth he, arife ;
 Let my unfounded felf, fuppos'd a fool,
 Now fet thy long-experienc'd wit to fchool.

Why COLATINE, is woe the cure for woe ?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
 Is it revenge to give thyfelf a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
 Such childifh humour from weak minds proceeds.

Thy wretched wife miftook the matter fo,
 To flay herfelf, that fhould have flain her foe.

Courageous ROMAN ! do not fleep thy heart
 In fuch relenting dew of lamentations ;
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our ROMAN Gods with invocations,
 That they will fuffer thefe abominations
 (Since ROME herfelf in them doth ftand difgrac'd)
 By our ftrong arms from forth her fair ftreets chas'd.

Now by the capitol, that we adore !
 And by this chafte blood fo unjuftly ftain'd !
 By Heaven's fair fun, that breeds the fat earth's ftore !
 By all our country rites in ROME maintain'd,
 And by chafte LUCRECE' foul, that late complain'd
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife !
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This faid, he ftruck his hand upon his breaft,
 And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow ;
 And to his proteftation urg'd the reft,
 Whowond'ring at him, did his words allow :
 Then jointly to the ground their knees thy bow,
 And that deep vow which BRUTUS made before,
 He doth again repeat, and that they fwore.

When they had fworn to this advifed doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead LUCRECE thence,
 To fhew her bleeding body throughout ROME,
 And fo to publifh TARQUIN's foul offence,
 Which being done with fpeedy diligence,
 The ROMANS plauſibly did give confent
 To TARQUIN's everlafting banifhment.

S O N N E T S.

I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby Beauty's Rose may never die;
But as the ripen should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory.
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy Light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:
Thou that art now the World's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy Spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, tender churl, makes waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be

To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer, This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my cold excuse,
Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art old,

And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou do'st beguile the world, unblest some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-eared womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self love, to stop posterity?

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime.

So thou thro' windows of thy age shalt see,
Despight of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,

Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Unthrifty Loveliness ! why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy Beauty's legacy ?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend ;
 And being frank, she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous Niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous Larges given thee to give ?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet can'st not live ?
 For having traffic with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive ;
 Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable Audit canst thou leave ?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel.
 For never-resting Time leads Summer on
 To hideous Winter, and confounds him there ;
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where.

Then were not Summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with Beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
 But flowers distill'd, tho' they with winter meet,
 Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

Then let not Winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy Summer, e'er thou be distill'd :
 Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place
 With Beauty's treasure, e'er it be self-kill'd :
 That use is not forbidden usury,
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times figur'd thee ;
 Then what could Death do, if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity ?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair,
 To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

Lo ! in the Orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty :
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage.
 But when from high-moist pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes (fore-duteous) now converted are

From his low tract, and look another way.

So thou, thyself out going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dy'st, unless thou get a son.

Musick to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thy ear;
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling fire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
Whose speechless song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none"

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?

Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless (mateless wife);
The world will be thy widow and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind;
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape and mind:
Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But Beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident;
Grant if thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident:
For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O! change thy thought, that I may change my mind:
Shall Hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle Love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove.

Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine, or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest:
Herein lives Wisdom, Beauty, and Increase;
Without this, Folly, Age, and cold Decay;
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And three score years would make the world away:

Let those, whom Nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go;
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live;
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So shou'd that beauty, which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination: then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form shou'd bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
 Against the stormy gusts of Winter's day,
 And barren rage of Death's eternal cold?

O! none but unthrifts,---dear my love, you know,
 You had a father; let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy;
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
 Or say with Princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict, that I in heaven find,
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
 As Truth and Beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is Truth's and Beauty's doom and date.

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment;
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows,
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment:
 When I perceive that men as plants increate,

Cheared and check'd, even by the self-same sky,
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory:
 Then the conceit of this inconstant flay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;
 And all in war with time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit.
 So should the lines of Life that life repair,
 Which this (Time's pencil, or my pupil pen)
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Tho' yet Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb,
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts:
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come wou'd say this poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
 So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
 And stretch'd metre of an antique song.

But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice,---in it, and in my rhyme.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Devouring Time, hunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thy antique pen ;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time ; despight thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
 Hast thou the master-mistress of my passion ;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth.
 A man in hue all Hues in his controuling,
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth :
 And for a woman wert thou first created.
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

So is it not with me, as with that muse
 Stir'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
 Making a couplement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :

Let them say more that like of hear-say well :

I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou art of one date :
 But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I not for myself but for thee will ;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain ;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite;
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presages of my speaking breast;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ;
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit;
 Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread:
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famouſed for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it:
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

Wearv with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary fight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.

Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I t'ill, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
So flatter I the swart complexion'd night ;
When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,---and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate :

For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancel'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;
 And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
 That due of many now is thine alone :

Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

If thou survive my well contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover ;
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time,
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !
 Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :

But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?

'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,

That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which foully robs from me.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:

But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
 This wish I have; then ten times happy am I

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one;
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou had'st this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receiv'st;
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well besits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth.

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:---
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so do'st she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:

But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!--then she loves but me alone.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To clear the day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?

All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;

Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
Ere when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;

Unitil life's composition be recur'd
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, they picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;
 That, to my use, it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure, of my breast.
 From whence with pleasure thou mayst come and part;
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,

And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
 Against that time do I ensconce me here,
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek,---my weary travel's end,---
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee.
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,---
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,

And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you ;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear ;
 And you in every blessed shape we know,
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses ;
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses ;
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves, Sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the works of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite ;
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be,
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view :
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,
 Make summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make those:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought controul your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure:
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprisonment of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say,
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now this gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shews me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self to self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-worn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud coast of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage:
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate---

That Time will come, and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,

How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,

Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out

Against the wreckful siege of battering days,

When rocks impregnable are not so stout,

Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack,

Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O none, unless this miracle have might,

That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry,---

As, to behold desert a beggar born,

And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,

And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,

And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,

And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,

And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,

And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,

And captive good attending captain ill:

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,

And with his presence grace impiety,

That sin by him advantage should achieve,

And lace itself with his society?

Why should false painting imitate his cheek,

And steal dead seeming of his living hue?

Why should poor beauty indirectly seek

Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?

Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,

Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?

For she hath no exchequer now but his,

And proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to shew what wealth she had,

In days long since, before these last so bad.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,

When beauty liv'd and died, as flowers do now,

Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,

Or durst inhabit on a living brow;

Before the golden tresses of the dead,

The right of sepulchres, were shorn away

To live a second life on second head;

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;

And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 'Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guesses, they measure by thy deeds ;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve is this,---that thou dost common grow.

'That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell ;
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
 But let your love even with my life decay :

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death,---dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;

Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.

For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west;
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie;
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourished by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took,

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?

Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a notèd weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name;
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesie disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
 In others' works thou dost but mend the stile,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst is this;---my love was my decay.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
 Where breath most breathes,---even in the mouths of men.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set;
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty, being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise---that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, he dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his stile admired every where.

You to yourauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd,
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry AMEN
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'TIS SO, 'TIS TRUE,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before,
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inurse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence;
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory;
 And I by this will be a gainer too;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will.
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,

Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garment's cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be,
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O, what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's richers from expence;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity;
 For sweetest things turn fourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!

O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

O, what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee?
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife, ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!

How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd! was summer's time;

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime.
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

The forward violet thus did I chide:---
 Sweet thief, whence dost thou steal thy sweet that smells,
 If not from my loves breath? the purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweeter colour it had stolen from thee.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
 So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
 Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
 But best is best, if never intermix'd?
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
 Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
 To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show appear:
 That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops his pipe in growth of ripper days;
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to shew her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumnus turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen;
The April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, you age unbred,---
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but plopphecies

Of this our time; all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love controul,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom,
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrant's crests and tombs of brains are spent.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,---
 So that myself bring water for my slain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good,
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view;
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new:
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,

These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an elder friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eyfell, 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyssm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:---

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks they are dead.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out:
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:

Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,

Or whether shall I say, mine eye faith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble;
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, NOW I LOVE YOU BEST,
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?

Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds;
 Or bends, with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight:
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus pelicy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd:
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

What potions have I drank of syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true,
 'That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin's love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being;
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No,---I am that I am; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own;
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;

Unless this general evil they maintain,---
All men are bad, and in their badness reign :

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity :
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to rais'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be mis'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more :
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost soist upon us that is old ;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste :
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee ;

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or lay'd great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent ;
For comp'und sweet foregoing simple favour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?

No ;---let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy controul.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's sickle glass, his sickle, hour ;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st ;
If nature, sovereign mistress over wreck,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes are suited ; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest'd than living lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight ;
Past reason hunted ; and, no sooner had,

Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,---and prov'd, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream :
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,---yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,---
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground ;
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she, belov'd with false compare.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
 O, let it then as well become thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,

But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friends heart let my poor heart bail;
 Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose, through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
 He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hold my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more!
 Let no unkind, no fair beseecher kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one WILL.

If thy soul check thee, that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy WILL,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
 WILL will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,---for my name is WILL.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt, by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
 Is more than my o'er-pres'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been my enemies;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know;
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving,
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,

Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell:
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, I HATE,
 To me that languish'd for her sake:
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Strait in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
 And taught it thus anew to greet:
 I HATE she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away:

I HATE from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying---NOT YOU.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,

How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Can'st thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate!
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness raise love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

Love is too young to know what conscience is?
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her---love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;

For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth, so foul a lie!

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly sleep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts, had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Come live with me and be my dear,
 And we will revel all the year,
 In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
 Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.
 There shall you have the beauteous pine,
 The cedar, and the spreading vine,
 And all the woods to be a skreen,
 Lest Phœbus kiss my summer's queen.
 The seat of your disport shall be
 Over some river in a tree;
 Where silver sands and pebbles sing
 Eternal ditties to the spring.
 There shall you see the nymphs at play,
 And how the satyrs spend the day;
 The fishes gliding on the sands,
 Offering their bellies to your hands;
 The birds with heavenly-tuned throats
 Possess woods echoes with sweet notes;
 Which to your senses will impart

A music to inflame the heart.
 Upon the bare and leafless oak,
 The ring-doves wooings will provoke
 A colder blood than you possess,
 To play with me, and do no less.
 In bowers of laurel trimly dight,
 We will outwear the silent night;
 While Flora busy is to spread
 Her richest treasure on our bed.
 The glow-worms shall on you attend,
 And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
 All to adorn and beautify
 Your lodging with most majesty.
 Then in my arms will I inclose
 Lilies fair mixture with the rose;
 Whose nice perfections in love's play,
 Shall tune me to the highest key.
 Thus as we pass the welcome night
 In sportful pleasures and delight,
 The nimble fairies on the grounds
 Shall dance and sing melodious sounds,
 If these may serve for to intice
 Your presence to Love's paradise,
 Then come with me, and be my dear,
 And we will strait begin the year.
 Why should this a desert be,
 For it is unpeopled? No,
 Tongue I'll hang on every tree,
 That shall civil sayings show.
 Some-how brief the life of man
 Runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span
 Buckles in his sum of age.
 Some of violated vows
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
 But upon the fairest boughs,
 Or at every sentence end,
 Will I Rosalinda write;
 Teaching all that read to know
 The quintessence of every sprite,
 Heaven would in little show.
 Therefore heaven nature chang'd,
 That one body should be fill'd
 With all graces wide enlarg'd,
 Nature presently distill'd,
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part,
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts,
 By heavenly synods was devis'd,
 Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.
 Heaven would these gifts she should have,
 And I to live and die her slave.

Passionate Pilgrim.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She shew'd him favour's to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an ozier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brooks green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:

He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;

O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

* * * *

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horns and hounds;
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:

She showed her's; he saw more wounds than one,

And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him;
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the wallike god embrac'd me;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:

Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charms:
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kifs and clip me till I run away.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame:
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee;
 O, my love, my love is young;
 Age, I do defy thee;
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
 Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
 Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
 For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
 For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee:
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
 A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;

Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To break an oath, to win a paradise?

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like oziers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee command;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:

Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.

Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,

To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,

A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;

A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;

A brittle glass, that's broken presently;

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,

Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are feld or never found,

As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,

As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,

As broken glass no cement can redress,

So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,

In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:

She bade good night, that kept my rest away;

And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,

To descant on the doubts of my decay.

Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;

Fare well I could not, for I sup'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
 'Tmay be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 'Tmay be, again to make me wander thither ;
 WANDER, a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
 My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow ;
 For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would pass too soon ;
 But now are minutes added to the hours ;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers ;
 Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now borrow :
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a turning
 Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight :
 To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel,
 But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain.
 That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain :
 Alas ! he could not help it !

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away ;
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ;
 For now my song is ended.

On a day (alack the day)
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee;
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were;
 And deny himself for Jove.
 Turning mortal for thy love.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,

All is amiss:

Love's denying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's renying,

Causers of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross

Wrought all my loss;

O frowning fortune, cursed fickle dame!

For now I see

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall:

Heart is bleeding,

All help needing,

(O cruel speeding!)

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,

My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;

My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,

Plays not at all, but seems afraid;

My sighs so deep,

Procure to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound

Through harkless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,

Sweet birds sing not.

Loud bells ring not

Chearfully;

Herds stand weeping,

Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back creeping

Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,

All our merry meetings on the plains.

All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou would'st strike,

Let reason rule things worthy blame,

As well as fancy, partial tike :

Take counsel of some wiser head,

Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,

Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,

Lest she some subtle practice smell;

(A cripple soon can find a halt :)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,

And set thy person forth to sell.

And to her will frame all thy ways;

Spare not to spend,---and chiefly there

Where thy desert may merit praise,

By ringing always in her ear :

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,

And in thy suit be humble, true ;

Unless thy lady prove unjust,

Seek never thou to choose anew :

When time shall serve be thou not slack

To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,

Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;

And then too late she will repent

That she dissembled her delight ;

And twice desire, ere it be day,

That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,

And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,

Her feeble force will yield at length,

When craft hath taught her thus to say,---

Had women been so strong as men,

In faith you had not had it then.

The wiles and guiles that women work,

Dissembled with an outward show,

The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,

A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think, women love to match with men,

And not to live so like a saint :

Here is no heaven ; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,---too much I fear ;
For if my lady hear my song,
She will not stick to ring mine ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long :
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near !

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *REQUIEM* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :---
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not afunder ;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right
 Flaming in the phoenix' sight :
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same ;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together ;
 To themselves yet either-neither,
 Simple were so well compounded ;

That it cry'd, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one !
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne ;
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love ;
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

T H R E N O S.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here inclos'd in cinders lie:

Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :---
 Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
 Beauty brag, 'but 'tis not she ;
 Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair ;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A Lover's Complaint.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a siffling vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.
Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age.
Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.
Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery on the spheres intend;
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.
Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her heav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.
A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedd'd jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.
Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the floods;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;

Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With fleided silk feat and affectedly
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
 Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 (Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew;
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
 And comely-distant sits he by her side;
 When he again desires her, being sat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
 If that from him there may be aught apply'd
 Which may her suffering extacy assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
 Of one by natures' outwards so commended,
 That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls:
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was fawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
 His phoenix down began but to appear;
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
 Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
 Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;
 Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
 That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes !
 And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went ;
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
 All aids themselves made fairer by their place ;
 Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim
 Pierc'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted :
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
 Like fools that in the imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd ;
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them :

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded ;
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,

With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shun'd by precedent
 The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
 Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-pas'd perils in her way?
 Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof;
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
 O appetite from judgment stand aloof!
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weep, and cry---it is thy last.

For further I could say, THIS MAN'S UNTRUE,
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
 Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid:
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
 Love made them not: with acture they may be,
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
 Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why it 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender:
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
 Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
 What me your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you; and to your audit comes
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo ! this devise was sent from a nun,
 Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
 Paling the place which did no form receive;---
 Man patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,
 The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
 The accident which brought me to her eye,
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the caged cloister fly:
 Religious love put out religion's eye:
 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
 And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,

Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
 And mine I pour your ocean all among :
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congeal,
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
 Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
 Believ'd her eyes, when they assail to begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place :
 O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither string, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impress'est, what are precepts worth
 Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame ;
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
 The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine ;
 And supplicant, their sighs to you extend,
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
 And credent soul to that strong bonded oath
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
 Whose sights till then were level'd on my face ;
 Each cheek a river running from a fount
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
 O, how the channel to the stream gave grace !
 Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
 That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear ?
 But with the inundation of the eyes
 What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
 O clef effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
 Both fire from hence and chill extingture hath I
 For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
 Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ;
 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
 Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears ;
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,
 All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
 Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
 Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,

In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Of to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the hail of his all hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would main:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim:
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a fake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.

F I N I S.

